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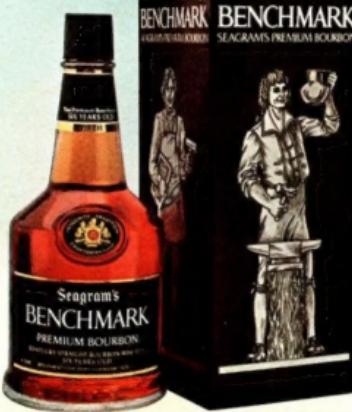


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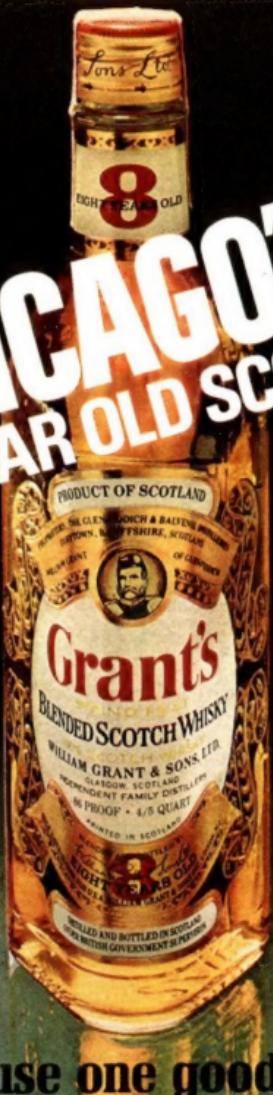
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Home is the Heart of America

ALL OVER THIS LAND people are going home for Christmas. It may be a room, an apartment, or a house. It may not be a place at all. It may be an attitude.

Home is where love is — the people who care about you — the ones who place faith in you. Home is where you find the courage "to put it all together" again.

Home is where your gifts are and where they have always been. They are not pretty ribbon-tied packages; they are principles — the principles that built America and gave it a backbone of freedom.

Among them are: Freedom of religion, freedom of speech, the right to assemble, the right to vote, the right of redress against wrong, . . . the opportunity to work, to

compete in business, to cooperate in the community, to raise children, to own property, to be your own person.

At Christmas we can join Thomas Jefferson, architect of our Constitution, in a prayer he wrote: "Almighty God, who has given us this good land for our heritage: we humbly beseech Thee that we may always prove ourselves a people mindful of Thy favor and glad to do Thy will. Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning, and pure manners. Amen."

Conrad N. Hilton CONRAD N. HILTON
H BARRON HILTON *Dawn Hilton*

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MARGARET MEAD



On the occasion of your 75th birthday, the American Museum of Natural History honors you for your many distinguished achievements by the establishment of the Margaret Mead Chair.

The Chair will be supported by the Margaret Mead Fund for the Advancement of Anthropology. It will be offered to distinguished scholars in the investigation and study of human society. It is only fitting that the Museum establish this Chair. It has been your scientific and professional home for the 50 years of your life as a world-renowned scientist.

As you wrote at the end of your autobiography, *Blackberry Winter*, "What is there for young anthropologists to do today? In one sense, everything. The best possible work has not yet been done. If I were 21 today, I would elect to join the communi-

cating network of these young people the world over who recognize the urgency of life-supporting change. There is hope, I believe, in seeing the human adventure as a whole and in the shared trust that knowledge about mankind, sought in reverence for life, can bring life."

It is in the spirit of these words that the American Museum of Natural History announces the Margaret Mead Chair.

The Margaret Mead Fund for the Advancement of Anthropology has as its goal the raising of \$5,000,000. Many interested people have already asked how they could take part in this tribute. Simply direct your contribution to the Margaret Mead Fund, c/o American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th, New York 10024. Contributions are tax deductible.

LETTERS

A Thing of Beauty

To the Editors:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Your Rauschenberg issue [Nov. 29] was exactly that

John Pozza
Toutinark, Ark.

To imply that a collection of colored smears and slobberings and pieces of a pack-rat nest is art and its creator Robert Rauschenberg is an artist is akin to saying that what Jack the Ripper did was surgery and he was a surgeon.

Fred W. Webster
Providence

Ugh

Carol Kerley
Worland, Wyo.

I laugh at the irony of your headline "The Joy of Art." The American public already has an image of the art-



ist as an easygoing image maker working a few hours a week in between parties, and I doubt that your story will help to dispel the falsehood.

As an art student who wonders every day why in hell I'm in this racket, I must tell you that joy is a very bad choice. Try despair.

Patrick King
Philadelphia

Prisoners of Fear

Your article "The Elderly Prisoners of Fear" [Nov. 29] presents a disturbing commentary on our times.

To think that in a country like ours, with its many affluent families and law-abiding citizens, such conditions are allowed to exist! Our elderly citizens, innocent victims of inflation and the growing decadence of society, are being continuously subjected to abuse.

Decent American citizens should

undertake a nationwide campaign (similar to a war effort) on behalf of our senior citizens.

Helen Y. Trupp
Greenville, N.C.

In this land of government of the rich, for the rich and by the rich—would a solution darn well be found if it were the privileged senior citizens who were being terrorized?

Ruth Ernst
Shrewsbury, Mo.

My work day is spent knocking on the doors of the aging. As I wait for an elderly woman to move the boxes and chair which block the door before she can remove the chain and turn the two locks on her too thin door, I pray that the fire trap in which she and many others live will not burst into flames.

E.M. Brookbank
Spokane, Wash.

Where is our pride? We export technology. Why can't we import ways to make streets safe? We spend billions to protect ourselves from the Russians, but it is the street gangs in America who threaten me. It's law-and-order and freedom from fear that allow a nation to survive, and I say no money for New York and other cities until they restore safety to the streets. I'm mad, sick at heart and disgusted with weak Government officials.

William D. Brown
Hanover, Pa.

Where are the children of those old people? In the not so "civilized" countries, you don't see many old people walking the streets alone. Their daughters, nieces and friends take turns taking them places.

If we don't care for our own elders, why should a hoodlum? If psychiatrists and advice columnists refer to old parents as a plague to keep at a distance and call men who love their mothers sick, how can we persuade the young to respect them?

Vera Harding
Corvallis, Ore.

Investigating Koreagate

When Watergate raised questions about the integrity of the Executive Branch, Congress appointed an independent prosecutor to pry out all the facts. Congress owes it to the American people to follow an analogous procedure for Koreagate [Nov. 29] because we all know it is unrealistic to expect Congress to investigate itself.

Ann F. Becker
Encino, Calif.

I think the bureaucrats who accept money and gifts from foreign entities ought to turn the gifts over to the CIA and explain why they received them. If

A new student preparing for Yale

Asked what reading his course might entail, His professor said brightly, "PEOPLE Magazine nightly. For without it, you're certain to fail."



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LETTERS

they don't, then they should be charged with espionage against our country.

Who the hell do they think they are, anyway?

Stan Johnson
Great Falls, Mont.

Publicity like "Koreagate on Capitol Hill" is focusing on the bribery aspects of the activities of Tongsun Park and the Korean KCIA. Yet there seems to me an even more serious issue, namely, that the Korean business interests being promoted by these activities are not bringing prosperity to a nation. They are piling up fortunes for the few while the many work long hours, at all ages, and under conditions akin to those in the days of Dickens, just to keep alive.

I spent 18 years in South Korea and I know from friends that little has changed since I left except that the government is more restrictive, the wealthy wealthier and the poor poorer.

Beatrice S. Braun, M.D.
Larchmont, N.Y.

Anguish in Mashpee

As selectmen, we read with interest your article concerning the town of Mashpee [Nov. 15] and the suit brought by the Wampanoag tribal council.

We have no dispute with the plaintiff's legal right to bring suit, however, our citizens, plaintiff and defendant alike, are suffering unjustified financial hardships and mental anguish. It is unconscionable for individual citizens to be forced to assume the liabilities for acts of our state and federal governments 200 years ago. No present resident of Mashpee was here then to violate anyone's rights. If, in fact, there was any wrong committed, it is those governmental bodies that must step forth now and assume their responsibilities.

George A. Benway Jr.
Kevin D. O'Connell
Mashpee, Mass.

Holy Greek Hogwash

"Death of a Fraternity Pledge" [Nov. 22] brought up the subject of hazing at universities. It makes my stomach turn to think that people will create this needless suffering for anybody else, for any reason, and particularly in the name of some holy Greek hogwash.

Sheryle Bowles
Dallas

As a former president of a social fraternity I must report that our fraternity was based on the notion of brotherhood and friendship through sports, parties, sometimes schoolwork, and not through hazing activities.

Richard J. Rosenberg Jr.
Dallas

"Death of a Fraternity Pledge" presented a biased and unrealistic view of the college fraternity system. While iso-

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LETTERS

lated cases of physical hazing and abuses are reported, most national fraternities specifically forbid hazing, and noncompliance with this rule can cause a chapter to lose its charter and be suspended indefinitely.

The image of the collegiate fraternity you produced was one that faded in the 1960s; the modern fraternity is a group of men working as a close group to benefit both themselves and the community in which they live.

*Stuart Simon, Sigma Alpha Mu
Tulane University
New Orleans*

TIME's analysis of university hazing reveals a naivete about American social life. Why search for a rationale among the vestiges of "ancient tribal customs"? Proving oneself is considered basic in our society. Why not regard hazing as a ritualization of that social fact?

*George Elliott
Knoxville, Tenn.*

Man of the Year

Men of the Year: the two Americans killed on the Korean trace line, Lieut. Mark Barrett and Major Arthur Bonifas

*H.H. Hamer
New York City*

Dr. Mildred Jefferson, Protestant, black woman, surgeon, president of the National Right to Life Committee, is my nominee for Woman of the Year.

Her courageous stand in defense of the civil rights of the unborn, defective, weak and oppressed of our nation is an inspiration.

*Neil B. Masterson Jr.
Keene, N.H.*

Gerald Ford—who snatched defeat from the jaws of victory by his slippery tongue

*Arthur E. Punit
Dharsar, India*

For extraordinary talent given most generously to the joy of many thousands, a warmth and zest for living, an ability to surmount personal tragedy, and for being the personification of the gifted woman—I urge you to consider Beverly Sills as Woman of the Year.

*Mrs. Robert L. Johnson
Needham, Mass.*

I nominate someone who has never caused a drop of blood to be spilled and has brought pleasure to hundreds of millions all over the world on both sides of every fence that our foolish species has erected. Nadia Comaneci perfectly suits Person of the Year.

*Patrick G. Fitzpatrick
Hamilton, New Zealand*

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report October 1976.



CARTER AT PENTAGON WITH MONDALE, JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF & TO PRESIDENT-ELECT'S LEFT, DEFENSE CHIEF RUMSFELD

THE TRANSITION/COVER STORIES

DOWN TO THE 'SHORT LISTS'

"It's getting serious now," said a top aide last week as Jimmy Carter neared the final stages of his great talent hunt. But the President-elect did nothing to end the guessing game about who would get which job in his Administration. He shared his thoughts with only a tight circle of advisers, notably Hamilton Jordan and Vice President-elect Walter Mondale. Not even his closest aides could be certain which way Carter would go in the end. As one of the President-elect's confidants said, only half-jokingly, "Carter's doing just about everything. Maybe we should give back the \$2 million transition money to the Government."

Carter is expected to fill several top-level posts this week, and to complete his Cabinet-making by Christmas (with perhaps one or two exceptions). Meanwhile, the expectant capital hums with reports about the probable choices for high posts (see *profiles*). Some smug veterans of past Administrations speculated that Carter had already settled on his team and was prolonging the suspense to make news. This appeared not to be the case. At week's end he did not seem to have made up his mind about anyone other than the two Cabinet-level nominees already announced: Cyrus Vance as Secretary of State and Atlanta Banker Thomas Bertram Lance as Director of the Office of Management and Budget.

Through the week Carter kept up a hectic pace. He flew to Atlanta and Washington, conferred with scores of businessmen, Congressmen, northeastern Governors, the future Commander in Chief also called on Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld and the Joint Chiefs of Staff at the Pentagon, and toured the national military command center. On appointments, however, he remained intentionally slow and methodical. While flying on a chartered Boeing 727 from Atlanta to Washington, he told TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud: "These may be the most important two months of my first term. I'm anxious to get people into their jobs so that they take responsibility from me that I don't need to have. Right now I'm the Secretary of the Treasury. I'm the Secretary of Defense. I'm the Secretary of Commerce, and all the paper work that would normally go to them comes to me

I am very eager to get them in place so that I can be free to set overall policy."

By and large, the names being bandied about for Carter's Cabinet pleased the President-elect's supporters. Inevitably, they displeased some, who feared that Carter was renegeing on his campaign's populist themes and promises to bring new faces to the Government's highest levels. Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader, for one, announced that his honeymoon with Carter might come to a premature end because Carter was paying too much attention to "corporate interests" and not enough to consumer representatives.

Nader called the people being considered for Carter's Cabinet "conservatives with high integrity [who will] follow the wrong policies straight instead of crooked." Judging from the candidates the Georgian is considering for various posts, he warned, the Treasury Department may become "a plantation for bankers" while the Defense Department may be staffed by "traditional in-house advocates" and Commerce with "completely Main Line" people. Nader told TIME that he had to speak out now rather than later if he was to have any impact on Carter. In fact, Nader has not given up on the President-elect. Perhaps, he said, Carter is merely trying to reassure big businessmen, "keeping them calm until he gets into office."

Carter did not suffer the criticism in silence. "I don't feel constrained to sit down and consult with Ralph Nader when I appoint a Secretary of State," said he—although that is hardly the appointment Nader worried about. Carter added that he would consult Nader and others, as promised, on appointments in the consumer area.

Carter also had to contend with criticism from another front. Feminists Gloria Steinem and Frances ("Sissy") Farenthold protested that he was not giving prominent consideration to activists like New York Congresswoman Bella Abzug. Steinem is pushing Bella for Secretary of Transportation. Gesturing to draw attention to her long flowing hair and trim black jeans, Steinem



ARRIVING AT BLAIR HOUSE IN WASHINGTON FOR INTERVIEWS

sighed. "I hope they don't pick people who look like us and think like them—that's the worst possible combination." She was particularly incensed by the possibility that Carter might re-appoint Harvard's John Dunlop, who quit the Ford Administration as Labor Secretary last January. He has outraged feminists by opposing the use of federal contracts as levers to force private companies to hire and promote more women and blacks.

Later in the week, however, Steinem was cheered when she learned that Carter's "short lists" of Cabinet candidates included a number of women supported by feminists: Federal Judge Shirley Hufstedler of Los Angeles; for Attorney General: Eleanor Holmes Norton, the black chairman of New York City's human rights commission, and California Labor Organizer Adeline Hernandez for Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare or head of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

Carter was finding secrecy increasingly hard to come by. Late Sunday, for instance, he phoned the White House switchboard with the list of people he wanted to interview in Atlanta. "Tell them to call me." The indefatigable operator reached Washington Lawyer Joseph Califano, who was a special assistant to Lyndon Johnson in the midst of a Georgetown dinner party. The bash included, in addition to Fritz and Joan Mondale, Washington Post Publisher Katharine Graham and a platoon of Washington journalists, among them Roger Mudd of CBS, Jack Nelson of the Los Angeles *Times*, and *TIME*'s Jerrold Scheeter—hardly a crowd designed for secrecy. Nobody bought Califano's white lie that he had been talking to his wife, and when he got off the phone, one guest shouted: "He's just been offered the regional HUD job in Mississippi!" By next morning, the word was all over official Washington that Califano was a candidate for Secretary of Commerce, HUD or Housing and Urban Development.

He was only one of eight possible Cabinet-level nominees interviewed by Carter on Tuesday and Wednesday in the high-ceilinged, book-lined study of the red-brick Georgia Governor's mansion. At the beginning of each session, Carter was usually joined

THE NATION



"A Cabinet post? Not a chance, *Glockenspiel*!"

by Mondale; plus Advisers Hamilton Jordan and Charles Kibbo. But after 45 minutes or so, Carter and the person he was interviewing were left alone.

About 100 yards from the mansion, some 20 journalists stood in the rain and near-freezing temperatures, vainly trying to glean scraps of information. The first candidate to arrive was black Washington Lawyer Patricia Roberts Harris, whom Carter is believed to be considering for Secretary of HEW or HUD. When she realized that the shivering people at the iron gate were reporters, she exclaimed: "Oh, if I'd known it was you, I wouldn't have stopped!" Then she rolled up her window and sped off. When Mondale departed, a Secret Service bodyguard thumbed his nose at the reporters.

Among the others summoned by Carter were four possible candidates for Defense Secretary: Caltech President Harold Brown, former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, Bendix Corp Chairman Michael Blumenthal and Washington Lawyer Paul Warne. Carter also interviewed Columbia Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski, who may become his national security adviser; Washington State Representative Brock Adams, a possible Transportation Secretary; former IBM Corp Vice President Jane Cahill Pfeiffer, a possible Commerce, HUD or HEW Secretary; and black Georgia Representative Andrew Young, who insists that he wants to stay in Congress.

When Carter left the mansion, he summed up the interviews as involving "good people, good advice, good folks." Later, en route to Washington, he was a bit more forthcoming. For one thing, he indicated that he has given up trying to persuade Young to join the Administration. Said Carter: "It's a shame. He's the best elected official I've ever met." Carter also said that his Secretary of Agriculture would "likely" come from the Midwest, and his Secretary of the Interior from the West. This increased speculation that Minnesota Representative Bob Bergland would head Agriculture and Idaho Governor Cecil Andrus, Interior.

In Washington, Carter continued his interviewing at Blair House, across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. He talked with black Texas Representative Barbara Jordan—a long-shot possibility for Ambassador to the United Nations or Attorney General, and the Brookings Institution's Charles Schultze, who was Lyndon Johnson's Budget Director and is a candidate for Treasury Secretary or some other high post.

In addition to narrowing his choices for top appointments, Carter spent much of his three days in Washington in policy sessions. One was with 15 prominent businessmen, including Coca-Cola Co. Chairman J. Paul Austin and Xerox Corp. Chairman C. Peter McCollough, who are possible appointees to high posts in the Administration. The businessmen urged that the econ-

omy be stimulated by means of a tax cut (see ECONOMY AND BUSINESS). Carter advisers feared that a permanent instead of a temporary cut would lead to problems in paying for new programs like national health insurance and making good on Carter's campaign pledge to balance the budget by the end of 1980.

Nor was that the only pledge that Carter might be hard put to fulfill. In November, Carter promised to reduce the unemployment rate by 1.5 percentage points, indicating a jobless rate of about 6.4% by the end of next year. Last week, however, OMB Director-designate Lance said the goal would be "very, very difficult" to meet because the unemployment rate has risen to 8.1%. Some analysts are now talking of a 7.1% jobless rate by the end of 1977, but Carter later said he was sticking to his original promise. Concerning another pledge, Carter has not decided whether to broaden the blanket pardon that he promised to give during his first week in office to the 4,500 draft evaders of the Viet Nam War era. Carter is considering also pardoning 5,000 defectors and 85,000 former servicemen who went AWOL during the same period.

Decisions on those matters would come later. For now, Cabinet-making has top priority, and when Carter flew back to Plains at week's end, he aimed to rest and to think some more about the jobs he hopes to fill in the weeks ahead.



FEMINIST GLORIA STEINEM & CONSUMER ADVOCATE RALPH NADER

PICKING THE TEAM WITH HAM & FRITZ

As Jimmy Carter labored over his Cabinet choices, TIME National Political Correspondent Robert Aiemian followed the selection process by watching Carter's two top transition aides, Vice President-elect Walter Mondale and Hamilton Jordan, at work. Aiemian's report

Jimmy Carter was in a talking mood. Sitting in the wood-paneled den of his house in Plains, wearing a long, yellow, velour sweater and white sneakers, Carter had his feet crossed on top of his desk. Beside him, balancing thick black notebooks full of Cabinet profiles on his lap, was his young aide, Hamilton Jordan, in a sports shirt and safari jacket, looking just as casual as his boss. Jordan slid his red canvas chair next to Carter and handed over one of the books, reading along with him so closely that his head was almost touching Carter's shoulder. For two hours, looking a little like a father and son discussing homework problems, the two of them ran through the list of candidates for every top Cabinet job in the Government. From time to time Carter raised some worries they still had too few top women, too few good names on the Treasury list. Carter pulled out his own log, a red notebook in which he had recorded all his telephone calls

and interview notes. He read some of them aloud to Jordan. Outside, darkness had fallen fast. Rosalynn Carter, in slacks and a white ribbed sweater, stood over the sink in the nearby kitchen, peeling some squash for dinner. Several times she stepped back inside the den just to hear the names. Amy Carter burst into her father's study at one point, and Carter, with great delight, showed her his new white-speaker telephone that plugged directly into the White House switchboard. She immediately called a neighborhood friend on the phone, and Carter and Jordan watched with amusement as she pretended she needed a school assignment.

Rosalynn brought in some tea, and as Carter began chewing on the lemon at the bottom of his mug, he told Jordan that after all these months he still didn't really have any idea whether Congressman Andy Young wanted a Cabinet job. Did Jordan know? No, Jordan didn't either. Carter talked about Texas Congresswoman Barbara Jordan. On the symbolic level she was an outstanding choice, but was she a good manager? He agreed with the suggestion that a select dozen prospects, most of them candidates for Defense and Treasury, come to Atlanta that Tuesday for personal interviews. As Jordan finally prepared to leave, Carter called to him, "I'll phone Fritz tonight and see if he agrees with our list."

Though Carter was calling all the shots himself, he was keeping Fritz Mondale and Jordan with him at the center of the selection process. The three men had started their work just before Thanksgiving, when they sat alone for three hours in one of the huge formal living rooms of Blair House. Each man ticked off names for various departments. When Jordan declared at one point that a certain businessman would make a good No. 2 man in a big department, Carter broke in: "No, let me decide that." He would obviously keep tight control.

From that meeting on, Mondale and Jordan moved together. The transition had been delayed for a couple of weeks by the power struggle between Jordan and the former transition chief, Jack Watson. A lot of people had been complaining about the holdup, and Carter was getting impatient. Men like Notre Dame President Theodore Hesburgh, John Gardner of Common Cause, President Clark Clifford and Ted Sorensen—all of whom Watson had visited with for many hours—had to be interviewed again by Jordan and his staff. A new list was drawn up, with a decidedly more political cast. Jordan's staff—politicians like Dick Moe and Anne Wexler and Tim Kraft—checked out the names that were offered. Jordan spent one whole afternoon talking to Du Pont Chairman Irving Shapiro, seeking Treasury candidates



JORDAN & MONDALE WEIGH APPOINTMENTS AT BLAIR HOUSE
"I'll call Fritz tonight and see if he agrees with our list."

He visited Henry Owen of the Brookings Institution, Averell Harriman, Cy Vance. During one conversation with Vance, Jordan recalled his own snide public remark that if Vance ended up in the Cabinet, Carter would have failed to get new people in the top posts. Joked Jordan to Vance: "I'm going to have to block you to keep my own job." After he finished the call, he admitted that his early remark had been stupid and he was going to find the right time to apologize to Vance face-to-face.

Within a week after the Blair House meeting, Mondale and Jordan had ordered up summary books listing candidates for every department. The weekend after Thanksgiving, Jordan lugged them to Plains. There Carter and Jordan narrowed the list from several hundred names to 70. A particular Commerce candidate, Carter and Jordan agreed, was too pompous. A top Agriculture candidate dropped down on the list because he had spurned Carter during the election campaign. A woman candidate for HHS was judged to be too caustic to work with. Once again Carter phoned Mondale and reviewed the huddled-down list. At the same time he asked his Vice President to deliver his own final Cabinet lineup when he flew to Plains the next Wednesday. Mondale did.

Back in Washington, Jordan made one of his regular journeys to Mondale's Senate office. In his Navy pea jacket and worn brown boots, carrying a tattered folder crammed with names, Jordan loped down the Senate halls, looking like the country boy he tries hard to remain. "Do you hear these walls trembling?" he said, mocking himself. He walked into Mondale's office and kept up the banter. "Tell the Vice President I'm here with his instructions for the day," he joked. Mondale is just as breezy. He uses Jordan as a sounding board about his new boss. Carter Said Mondale of Jordan: "We work well together. He's smart and loose. In Mondale's office they tested the final lists before assigning in-depth profiles on the 70.

Next morning, in the black before dawn, the two of them were off once more to Plains to see the boss. On Mondale's DC-9 they pored over the black books—Mondale puffing on a thick Cuban cigar and Jordan sitting opposite in a torn shirt, popping green Chiclets into his mouth. They were an unsophisticated pair, the young man who likes his rube image and the impeccably dressed man who looked more like a smooth character actor than a politician of enormous influence.

In Plains they went directly to Carter's familiar den and sat for four hours. Carter again pulled out his red logbook, and Mondale and Jordan were both pleased when they realized Carter's information was beginning to match their own. Carter dragged out a memo that listed all his campaign pledges. That made them all somewhat anxious again about the final number of women, blacks and Hispanics they would choose. As Carter opened two cans of crab soup and put together some meat and tomato sandwiches for lunch, the three continued talking in the kitchen. Should James Schlesinger be returned to Government? Carter was extremely high on him but was also aware of interview reports that Schlesinger was too impatient and not a team player. Should the outspoken but gifted George Ball be made an ambassador-at-large to the European countries? Carter often challenged Mondale and Jordan, playing the lawyer, testing their biases.

Flying home to Washington that night, with new Secretary of State-designate Cyrus Vance sitting beside him as a passenger, Mondale talked about the selection process—and his own eventual job as Vice President. He was worried about the need for new young blood in Government, for more women and minorities. "We've got to take some educated chances in these top jobs," he said. "A lot of the women candidates we have, for example, have no management track records to be judged on. So they keep being passed over." Mondale observed that it was often more difficult to find top women managers than black ones. He turned to foreign affairs. "There's a whole generation gap between this man," he said, pointing to Vance, "and the younger fellows like Tony Lake and Dick Holbrooke. We've got to open up these big jobs. The symbolism is important."

One job the new Vice President hopes will open up and not keep its empty symbolism is his own. Because there are Congressmen on the Hill who are still uneasy about Carter. Mon-

dale expects that he will receive many of the inevitable complaints about the new President. "I intend to speak up," he said. "If I start telling the President only what he wants to hear, I'll be all through. I'd rather have him shut the door on me than change myself. I've told Jimmy that."

Meanwhile the names kept coming, many from office seekers themselves. Carter himself sent a daily stream of manila envelopes to Jordan. Carter asked Democratic National Chairman Robert Strauss to seek nominations from Governors and party people around the country. One day Strauss told Jordan, "Ham, I've got an important Senator who wants to be interviewed for Interior—but he doesn't want the job." Jordan roared. He said, "A lot of other people want a job—but don't want the interview."

One Cabinet area that was giving Carter trouble was Justice. His close counselor, Charles Kirbo, headed the search for an Attorney General. The trouble was that the familiar Establishment names, the people who had the proven legal and man-



CARTER STUDIES PROFILES OF TOP CABINET PROSPECTS
He would obviously keep tight control over the process.

agement skills, often lacked the inspirational or symbolic touch Carter wanted. By last weekend it was clear that the larger departments would probably be headed by white men, however long the search went on. So Carter was faced with the decision of whether to overlook the legal credentials needed for Justice and pick someone like Patricia Harris, a black lawyer from Washington, or Barbara Jordan, or perhaps a black federal judge from Pennsylvania, Leon Higginbotham, who has extensive legal experience but little management background. The FBI choice posed a different challenge. Mondale, especially, urged that the FBI have a director from outside Justice, a man with few ties to Carter or his staff. Said Mondale: "We need a tough, hardheaded civilian to rehabilitate that place."

At week's end Carter headed back to the voluntary isolation of Plains—back to the den and the speaker telephone and his own red logbook. He would study further the profiles that Mondale and Jordan had ordered up and continue his own interviews. But he would do it alone. It always came to that the choices were his. And Carter clearly relished his isolation. Even his secretary was located ten miles away in Americus. During the three days when Rosalynn was in Mexico two weeks ago, Carter did his own cooking and a maid came by only once to clean the house. He only occasionally makes the trip down the street to Plains anymore. When Jordan arrived last weekend with more black books, Carter was up on a flat part of the roof raking off leaves. A man with heavier days and heavier choices ahead of him, Carter was hanging on to the pieces of his past that he treasured most, the home and people he will be leaving behind, the place where he feels closest to himself.

JIMMY'S TALENT FILE

Only Jimmy Carter knew for sure whom he was going to pick for Cabinet-level posts, but as of last week the following ambitious achievers—all of them Democrats except where noted—stood high on his list for a job

CHARLES L. SCHULTZE



A prospect for Treasury Secretary ... Age 52 ... Member of Democrats' "shadow cabinet" during Nixon-Ford era ... Senior fellow of Brookings Institution, Washington's liberal think tank, since 1969; also economics professor at University of Maryland, where he earned his Ph.D. ... As Lyndon Johnson's budget director during years of Great Society and Viet Nam buildup, was one of earliest important advocates in Government of the new politics and economics of austerity ... Argued that new programs should not be launched without careful forecasting of the economy's "fiscal dividend"—the difference between expected future growth in Government income and built-in raises in federal spending ... Rapped Republicans for failure to cut Pentagon spending after Viet Nam ... Scorns facile promises about reducing spending ("As long as people talk without being specific, it's easy to talk about big cuts") ... Calls now for "a large dose of fiscal stimulation" through tax reductions.

Roman Catholic ... Married, with six children ... Known as marathon worker who can put in 18-hour days.

W. MICHAEL BLUMENTHAL



A top contender for Treasury or Defense ... Informal but hard-driving chairman of Bendix Corp., Michigan-based conglomerate in auto parts, forest products, other fields (sales: \$3 billion) ... Age 50 ... Born in Berlin, fled Nazis with family to China, arrived in U.S. at 21 in 1947 with \$60 in pocket; worked way through University of California, making Phi Beta Kappa; got Ph.D. in economics at Princeton and taught there ... Was U.S. negotiator in the Kennedy Round trade talks in the 1960s (said one colleague approvingly: "The Europeans thought he was too tough") ... Other business executives say he is good at delegating authority, can "cut through issues like a buzz saw" ... Believes Nixon-Ford foreign policy slighted trade and economic considerations; urges a code of ethics for domestic firms and creation of businessmen's group to police practices of multinational companies abroad.

Parents nonpracticing Jews; he was baptized Presbyterian ... Wife Eileen has Ph.D. in education; three daughters ... Liked to gamble occasionally in student days (won the money for his wedding at Las Vegas), but now relaxes by reading (foreign affairs, economics), swinging a tennis racquet, skiing.

ROBERT V. ROOSA



Another Treasury candidate ... A principal partner of Brown Brothers Harriman, influential Wall Street investment bankers ... Age 58 ... Phi Beta Kappa and Ph.D. in economics from University of Michigan; Rhodes scholar ... Made reputation as clever financial tactician during Kennedy Administration, when he was No. 3 man at Treasury ... Adroitly managed wrenching crises in international monetary system ... Advocates long-range Government economic planning ... Has proposed permanent wage-price review boards to monitor key industries plus presidential authority to roll back wage or price rises when deemed excessive ... Suggests "massive Government energy program" as noninflationary way to stimulate economy.

Presbyterian ... Wife Ruth, an expert on Russian history and economics, teaches at New York's Briarcliff College.

HAROLD BROWN



Hot candidate for Defense Secretary ... Physicist, president of California Institute of Technology ... Age 49 ... Raised in the Bronx ... Breezed through Columbia (Phi Beta Kappa) in two years, got Ph.D. at 22, succeeded Edward Teller as head of California's Livermore Radiation Labs at 32 ... Became one of fabled "Whiz Kids" in Robert McNamara's Defense Department; had the most managerial authority of them all ... Air Force Secretary in L.B.J.'s Administration ... Expert in nuclear weaponry ... Member of U.S. SALT delegation since 1969 ... Backs SALT, but says if the Soviets want an arms race, the U.S. will "run faster in that race for whatever distance is required."

Jewish; recently agreed to be "test case" and got into Los Angeles' restrictive California Club ... Two daughters ... On tennis court said to be "very intense—as in most things."

JAMES R. SCHLESINGER



Former Defense Secretary and CIA director, now a candidate for both jobs ... Age 47 ... Brilliant and knows it.

Summa cum laude and Ph.D. in economics at Harvard ... Ousted by Ford as Pentagon boss in November 1975 after complaining publicly about a Ford-imposed lid on defense budget; President disliked Schlesinger's continual lecturing on the Russian "challenge," was irritated by his noninterest in being a team player ... While backing détente, Schlesinger argues for tough posture toward Soviets, is skeptical about Harvard Classmate Kissinger's notion that a web of common interests between Washington and Moscow will eventually tame Russians. He calls for modernization of strategic nuclear weapons, says conventional forces must be beefed up if they are to remain deterrent to nuclear attack.

Jewish-born, he had bar mitzvah in New York City but converted to Lutheranism ... Republican ... Eight children ... Counselled both Ronald Reagan and Carter.

PAUL C. WARNE

Dove candidate for Defense ... Washington law partner of Clark Clifford, venerable Democratic powerbroker ... Age 56 ... Yale ('41), Columbia Law, Dean Acheson's law firm ... Joined McNamara's Pentagon in 1966, became Assistant Secretary for International Security ... Had "misgivings about Viet Nam" from the start, considered quitting after Tet '68 but decided to work within to halt bombings, open negotiations ... Was "very firmly aligned" with George McGovern's defense policies in 1972 ... Calls for reduced arms sales abroad, tighter controls on nuclear proliferation ... After hearing Warnke's plan for deeply cutting defense spending, Carter told him that he sounded like an "anti-Defense Secretary" ... Nonsectarian ... Five children ... On executive committee of Trilateral Commission ... Witty, extroverted.



BARBARA JORDAN



Celebrated Congresswoman from Texas ... Possible Attorney General or U.N. Ambassador ... Age 40 ... Commanding presence and great, bell-like voice ... Daughter of a Houston Baptist preacher ... Debating champ at Texas Southern University; graduated *magna cum laude*, 1956 ... LL.B. from Boston University Law School, 1959 ... Practiced civil law until entering politics in 1966 ... Shrewd and moderate ... In 1973 became first black woman ever sent to Congress from South ... Won national acclaim on House Judiciary Committee during the Nixon impeachment hearings ... Team player: loyally supports conservative Democrats when called on.

Was one of TIME's 1975 Women of the Year ... Single ... Relaxes off-hours playing guitar and singing ... Hopes some day to become U.S. Senator or Supreme Court Justice.

SHIRLEY HUFSTEDLER



Candidate for Attorney General ... As a circuit-court judge on U.S. Court of Appeals is ranking woman jurist in the U.S. ... Age 51 ... Born in Denver ... Graduated from University of New Mexico and Stanford Law ... For ten years practiced law with her husband in Los Angeles ... Was special consultant to California attorney general on Colorado River litigation ... Was appointed to Los Angeles County Superior Court in 1961, to California Court of Appeals in 1966, and in 1968 to her current assignment—one that takes her from Los Angeles through nine states (including Hawaii and Alaska) and Guam ... Has generally liberal positions.

Often hikes in the High Sierra with husband and son, 23 ... Episcopalian ... Once urged the American Bar Association to back establishment of "economy courts"—with the same court-employed lawyer representing both sides ... Said she: "If we are to give people access to the courts, we must create some tribunal that the general public can afford to use."

A. LEON HIGGINBOTHAM

An aggressive, intellectual voice for equal treatment before the law ... Could be Attorney General ... Age 48 ... U.S. district judge for Eastern District of Pennsylvania since 1964 ... Also teaches sociology and law at University of Pennsylvania ... Graduate of Antioch and Yale Law ... Member of Lyndon Johnson's National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence ... Disagreed with majority of that body, specifically by endorsing nonviolent civil disobedience, without which "probably no major civil rights statute would have been enacted."

Married, wife recently returned to university to study architecture ... three children ... plays tennis ... Episcopalian ... Contends that rise in crime rate and court backlog result partly from fact that authorities only recently began recording and prosecuting many crimes committed by poor people against poor people.



JOHN T. DUNLOP



Harvard economist and former Labor Secretary who is union leaders' choice to be rehired for that post ... Age 62 ... Educated at Berkeley, Stanford, Cambridge ... Has taught at Harvard since 1938; rose to dean of faculty in 1970.

Gruff, confident, opinionated ... Respected by both labor and management as negotiator ("The way to bargain with a man is to reach over and grab his left testicle—and squeeze"). Has spent a day a week in Washington nearly every year since 1938, to offer counsel on labor matters. Used hard bargaining to fight inflation as head of construction industry's stabilization committee and as Cost of Living Council chief ... Named Ford's Labor chief in February 1975 ... Quit last February after Ford vetoed the Dunlop-backed common situs picketing bill.

Political "independent" ... Married ... Three children ... Schoolboy tennis champ but now is workaholic.

JUANITA KREPS



Economist and vice president of Duke University, where she earned Ph.D. ... Age 55 ... Under consideration for Labor Secretary ... If chosen, expected to press for such programs as job training for unemployed youth and equal pay and child-care centers for working women ... Specialist in labor-force demographics and working women ... Vice president, National Council on the Aging ... First woman director of New York Stock Exchange, J.C. Penney Co. ... Also on three other corporate boards.

Soft-spoken feminist, shuns the term women's liberation ... Says she's "sort of old-fashioned," believer in women's obligations within the family ... With Fellow Economics Professor Clifton Kreps Jr., has raised three children ... Fancier of classical music and Duke Ellington jazz ... Episcopalian ... Politically liberal, but economically fairly moderate ... Pessimistic about U.S. ability to reduce unemployment to previous levels.

JOSEPH A. CALIFANO JR.

Liberal Washington attorney ... A leading contender for HUD or Commerce ... Age 45 ... Born in Brooklyn ... Was an editor of the *Harvard Law Review* ... Spent early 1960s rising fast in the Defense Department; became Army's general counsel; then Secretary Robert McNamara's top troubleshooter ... As Lyndon Johnson's domestic aide between 1965 and 1969, developed Great Society programs in civil rights, education and anti-poverty; also had a hand in economic policymaking ... Was counsel to the Democratic National Committee from 1970 to 1972, winning court battles to provide equal broadcast time for Democratic leaders.

Has been Edward Bennett Williams' law partner since 1971 ... Clients include the *Washington Post* and *Newscaster* Daniel Schorr ... Catholic ... Married, three children.

**JANE CAHILL PFEIFFER**

Storybook corporate career woman, considered for top job at either HUD, HEW or Commerce ... Age 44 ... Put herself through University of Maryland ... Joined IBM as trainee in 1955 ... In her twenties ran IBM's missile-tracking station in Bermuda ... Took leave in 1966 to be first woman White House Fellow; worked for HUD Chief Robert Weaver. Returned to IBM as executive assistant to former Chairman Thomas Watson Jr. ... Starting in 1972, served as vice president for public and government relations ... Considered firm as well as charming.

Married in 1975 ... Resigned from IBM last March: "I needed more time to spend on my marriage" ... Is now a management consultant ... Catholic ... Calls herself a "rational liberal" ... An Independent; played no part in Carter campaign.

PATRICIA ROBERTS HARRIS

Washington attorney in the running for HUD and HEW ... Age 52 ... Born in an Illinois corn-belt town, daughter of a railroad waiter, finished No. 1 at Howard University and George Washington University Law School ... Has 30 honorary degrees ... Taught law at Howard.

Poised and principled member of myriad commissions and civic groups ... Chosen by President Lyndon Johnson as Ambassador to Luxembourg, 1965-67, served as an alternate delegate to the United Nations General Assembly ... Chairman of Credentials Committee for 1972 Democratic National Convention; criticized by some at the time as being too much of an "Old Guard" Democrat ... Civil rights champion since student days ... Speaks up for blacks, women and other minority groups as director of IBM, Scott Paper, Chase Manhattan Bank ... Member of prestigious Washington law firm with strong middle-of-the-road Democratic ties ... Protestant ... Married to William Beasley Harris, an attorney with the Federal Maritime Commission.

**BOB BERGLAND**

Fellow Minnesotan Fritz Mondale's choice as Agriculture Secretary ... Age 48 ... Congressman from a farm district since 1970 ... Was prominent draft-Humphrey backer until H.H.H. dropped out, then switched to Carter.

Left University of Minnesota after two years when money ran out ... Operates a 600-acre grain and grass seed farm in Minnesota ... In 1960s was Agriculture Department's Midwest administrator of price supports, production control and storage programs ... Lashes Earl Butz's laissez-faire policies ... Believes in farm price supports, backed by stockpiling if necessary ... Says that "the free market system ends at our borders—in the world market we must deal with governments" ... Wants a protective tariff on imported sugar.

Informal, gregarious, outspoken ... Lutheran ... Married to a farmer's daughter; six children.

**CECIL D. ANDRUS**

Contender for Interior Secretary ... Age 45 ... Maverick who refused help of Idaho's Democratic machine when he first ran for Governor in 1966 ... Lost then, but was elected in his second try in 1970 ... Strongly advocated—and got passed—environmental legislation despite opposition of state's influential timber and mining industries ... Knows Carter from Governors' conferences in early 1970s ... Campaigned strongly for him ... Son of a lumber-mill operator, was elected to state senate at 29, served four terms ... Married, with three daughters ... Lutheran ... An energetic sort, has been TV pitchman for Idaho potatoes, played celebrity golf (best score: 112), raced porcupines with other Idahoans ... When other Western Governors complained about invading hordes of outsiders, Andrus declared: "We can't build a fence around Idaho, and we won't. People are welcome here."



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BROCK ADAMS

Liberal Congressman from Washington State ... Wants Transportation Secretary's job for 50th birthday present next month ... Atlanta-born, grew up in Iowa and Oregon, graduated *summa cum laude* in economics from University of Washington ('49), earned law degree at Harvard ... In Congress since 1964.

Witty, extremely popular with his fellow Congressmen, Adams is the House's foremost expert on transportation ... Drafted and pushed through a plan for the Conrail system that subsidizes formerly unprofitable Northeastern railroads ... Urges thorough congressional reform of airline regulation; wants carriers to be freer in setting fares ... As Chairman of the House Budget Committee, has deftly negotiated precarious compromises between big spenders and conservatives ... Episcopalian ... Married, four children ... Superb tennis player.





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The Trilateral Commission



The Brookings Institution

CARTER'S BRAIN TRUSTS

Every new President seems to dip into his own special talent pool to fill key posts. John Kennedy plucked many of his New Frontiersmen from the Harvard faculty. Richard Nixon staffed his Government with many graduates of U.C.L.A. President-elect Jimmy Carter is expected to draw heavily on two talent repositories—the Trilateral Commission in New York City and the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C.

Just two weeks ago, Carter selected Cyrus Vance, a member of the Trilateral Commission, to be Secretary of State. No fewer than 16 other Trilateralites—about a quarter of the commission's U.S. members—are advising Carter during the transition. They include Carter's Vice President, Walter Mondale, the commission's former director, Zbigniew Brzezinski, who could become Carter's National Security adviser, one of the President-elect's leading union backers, U.W. Chief Leonard Woodcock, Attorney Paul Warneke, a possible choice for Secretary of Defense, and Columbia Professor Richard Gardner, a Carter foreign policy aide.

At least ten of the 46 senior fellows at the Brookings Institution are assisting Carter in the takeover and some will land jobs in his Administration. Those who have worked with Carter include Charles Schultz, Budget Director under Johnson, who may wind up in Carter's Cabinet; Henry Owen, onetime chief of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, who is a foreign affairs specialist for Carter; and Alice Rivlin, director of the Congressional Budget Office, who may head up Carter's Council of Economic Advisers. Then, too, there is Robert Ross, chairman of the Brookings board, who may be in line for Treasury Secretary (and who, like Owen, is on the Trilateral Commission).

Despite the star-studded lineups of the Trilateral Commission and the Brookings Institution, both remain largely unknown to the general public. The more obscure of the two is the Trilateral Commission, which Chase Manhattan Chairman David Rockefeller prodded into existence in July 1973. Rockefeller thought there ought to be a meeting place for citizens from the leading non-Communist industrial areas—Japan, the United States and Western Europe—to debate and perhaps work out solutions to their common political, economic and security problems.

With blue-chip backing from the likes of the Ford Foundation and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, the commission set up in a modest office near the United Nations and recruited from those three world areas some 200 members in business, politics, academia and publishing. Seeking a political figure from the South, the commission asked Georgia's Governor Jimmy Carter to join. Carter, already contemplating a race for the presidency, was very responsive. He attended four of the first six Trilateral meetings over a span of 19 months. In his book, *Why Not the Best?* Carter says the commission became "a splendid learning opportunity" for him. But Republican Congressman John Anderson, a commission member, thinks Carter was simply trying to acquire "a little shine and polish by being a member."

Whatever his reason, Carter did get a crash course of sorts



TRILATERAL COMMISSION MEMBERS MEET IN PARIS (1975)

in foreign affairs from the commission. The commission's voluminous flow of reports has ranged over ocean management, the strains on democracy, aid to the world's poorest nations, and the global energy crisis.

The commission has its critics, mainly but not exclusively on the left. By and large, the criticism is no more substantial than the observation that there are many wealthy people on the commission. Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. reported in the *Wall Street Journal* that only last month he tried to persuade a Paris audience composed of intellectuals and journalists that the commission was a respectable organization and not a "horrible bankers' conspiracy" dreamed up by the Rockefellers.

The Brookings Institution, also nonpartisan, draws frequent fire too—but largely from the right. St. Louis Woodrow-Wilson Tycoon Robert Somers Brookings, who was Woodrow Wilson's price-control chief during World War I, put \$6 million and 36 years of his life into establishing the institution as a nonprofit, scholarly center to analyze Government problems and issue objective, statistical reports. Housed in an imposing, eight-story, gray-facaded building eight blocks north of the White House, the 49-year-old institution has a current endowment of almost \$35 million. It supports a staff of 240, including 46 senior fellows and 19 research associates, whose salaries go as high as the mid-\$40,000 range. Contracts last only one year. Says Brookings Spokesman James Farrell: "You don't produce, you leave."

Harry Truman was the first President to turn to Brookings for high-level help. In 1946 he named Brookings Vice President Edwin Nourse as the first chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. The institution's star really began to rise in the 1960s, when John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson tapped many of its members for key posts. Kermit Gordon, Brookings president from 1967 until his death six months ago, was Budget Director for both Democratic Presidents. As a result, Republicans regard the institution as "the Democratic government-in-exile." During the Nixon years, White House Aide Charles Colson went so far as to suggest fire-bombing the place—though now says he was joking.

Yet Richard Nixon hired Herbert Stein, a Brookings scholar, as chairman of his CIA. Today former Nixon Aide Stephen Hess, whom Jimmy Carter is consulting on reorganizing the White House staff, is working at Brookings. "It's palpably unfair to put a political label on Brookings," says Acting Director Gilbert Steiner. "A house count would show there are more Democrats than Republicans, but there are more Democrats in the U.S. more among academics and, until now, more out of Government."

Carter first approached Brookings for briefings in July 1975. He attended two informal luncheons on foreign policy and economics. Says Owen, one of his hosts: "I was taken with the pointedness of his questions and how quickly he assimilated the answers." Now many Brookings members are apparently anticipating long sojourns in the Carter Administration—with the institution's blessings.



NEW HOUSE SPEAKER THOMAS O'NEILL & NEW MAJORITY LEADER JIM WRIGHT

THE CONGRESS

After the Walkover, a Squeaker

The principal item on the agenda of the House Democratic Caucus was strictly ho-hum—though it involved selection of the man who will fill the second most powerful political office in the United States: the Speaker of the House. This process has sometimes produced gory battles. But last week, with the 292 Democrats who will sit in the next Congress eligible to vote (along with delegates from the District of Columbia, Guam and the Virgin Islands and the resident commissioner of Puerto Rico), there was literally no contest. Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill Jr. of Massachusetts, after four brilliantly successful years as majority leader, was unopposed.

Fall Guy. The battle to succeed O'Neill as majority leader was something else again. It required three ballots and was finally settled by a single vote.

California's abrasive Philip Burton, an explosively propelled San Franciscan who is rated as an all-out liberal by his colleagues, was the favorite. But he was by no means Tip O'Neill's favorite. With his sandpaper style and naked drive for power, Burton had quite a few enemies. Second in the handicapping was Missouri's Richard Bolling, admired as a scholarly authority on constitutional and parliamentary affairs, but considered aloof and arrogant by many of his colleagues. Third-ranked was Texas Jim Wright, 53, who started his political career as an avowed liberal but has evolved into a conservative on many issues. Like O'Neill, Wright has few declared foes. Fourth and last in the race

book was California's John J. McFall, 48, who had compounded the error of taking "gifts" from South Korea's Tongsun Park by denying, untruthfully, that he had done so.

McFall was the inevitable fall guy on the first ballot. Burton 106, Bolling 81, Wright 77. McFall 31. With McFall gone under the low-man-out rule, there was speculation that if Burton and Wright beat out Bolling on the second ballot, Burton would win the runoff—since Bolling's supporters would not throw their ballots to the conservative Texan. If Burton and Bolling were the survivors, Bolling would win, since Wright's backers would not vote for the liberal Californian. There were rumors that on the second ballot some of Burton's supporters threw their votes to

CALIFORNIA'S PHILLIP BURTON



THE NATION

Wright to guarantee that Bolling would be squeezed out. Burton admits that a number of his cronies had suggested such a ploy but insists that he vetoed it. "I told them, 'Straight football!'" Burton said later. "I wanted all the votes I could get." The denial was disbelieved by many Congressmen. The second-ballot result: Burton 107, Wright 95, Bolling 93.

Part Prophet. Secluded at the rear of the chamber, O'Neill tried to show no emotion, but his expression was morose. Though he stood aloof from the struggle and made a point of saying, "I can work with anyone," he is known to loathe Burton. Suddenly, an emissary burst from the Speaker's lobby, where the secret paper ballots were being counted, held up one finger and passed the word to members: Wright 148, Burton 147. Tip O'Neill was grinning, ear to ear. The early speculation was proved wrong: 53 Bolling voters swung to Wright and only 40 to Burton.

Elated, Wright defined his new role as that of a welder of consensus—"part evangelist, part parish priest, and every now and then part Old Testament prophet." For his part, O'Neill said in his acceptance speech: "You have given me a trust. When I lay the gavel down, I want to walk out of here and have you say, 'He kept the trust.'

The question remained whether Burton, still hungering for power, would put up a fight for the No. 3 slot in the hierarchy, that of majority whip. As the chief round-up officer and head counter for the majority, the whip has traditionally been appointed by the Speaker. Though there was a halfhearted attempt to make the post elective, the caucus eventually acceded to O'Neill's wish that it be kept appointive. O'Neill quickly named a favorite protege, Indiana's John Brademas, 49, as whip. A Rhodes scholar with an Oxford Ph.D. in social studies, Brademas was also smeared with \$5,150 of Tongsun Park's money. But since he promptly repented and never denied it, he was freely forgiven. With the election of Spokane's Thomas Foley, 47, as chairman of the caucus, the continuity of Democratic programs and policies was assured. The

MISSOURI'S RICHARD BOLLING



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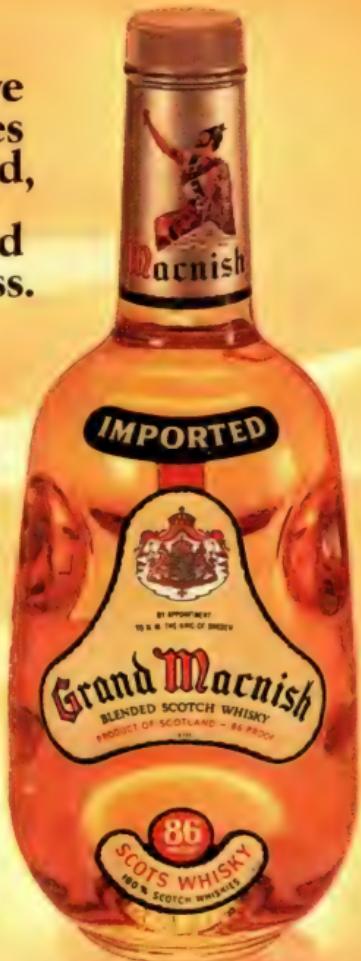
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WASHINGTON'S THOMAS O'NEILL
Ensuring the continuity . . .

chairman strongly influences the caucus which in turn chooses the chairman of powerful House committees.

Perhaps the greatest challenge to the new leaders will be not shepherding a Democratic program through Congress but keeping their unwieldy majority from fragmenting into feuding factions.

Two Who Will Run the House

Thomas Philip ("Tip") O'Neill Jr., who turned 64 last week, is the quintessential Boston Irish pol. Grandson of an immigrant bricklayer, he was a campaign worker for Alfred E. Smith at 15 and a candidate for the Cambridge city council at 22. He wound up 150 votes behind in the only election he has ever lost. A year later he was elected to the Massachusetts legislature, and was 36 when he became the first Democratic speaker of the house.

By coincidence, the powers of that speakership were comparable with those wielded by the Speaker of the national House until they were so brutally abused by Joseph G. ("Uncle Joe") Cannon (TIME's first cover subject, March 3, 1923) that they were drastically trimmed. In Boston, O'Neill exercised such powers as the right to appoint and dismiss committee chairmen with less brutality but no less forcefulness.

After O'Neill succeeded John J. Kennedy as Representative from Massachusetts' Eighth District in 1953, he lived half the week in bachelor style in Washington. Weekends he commuted to Cambridge, where his wife Mildred had chosen to stay to mother their five children. Saturday mornings he was likely to be seen pushing a shopping cart through the Star Market on Porter Square, where constituents buttonholed him. He patiently jotted down their complaints—and later acted on them.

Would-be muckrakers find little dirt in O'Neill's record. He has voted right by liberal Democratic standards on vir-

The post-Watergate election of 1974 brought 75 freshmen Democrats into the House. All but two were re-elected last month, and they will be joined by 47 new members elected this year. These first- and second-term Representatives will make up two-fifths of the Democratic majority. Without their support, the O'Neill-Wright-Brademas management cannot manage.

Barren Years. Beating the freshmen to the draw, O'Neill proposed (and the caucus naturally approved) a plan to reform the House code of ethics. He said the code should have stronger provisions dictating the disclosure of members' incomes and assets and should minimize the influence of special interests such as the housing, oil and road lobbies. Then, condemning the current code as toothless, he declared: "The American people believe too many meaning Congressmen go unpunished."

While the top-heavy Democratic majority was organizing for the 95th Congress, so were the 143 Representatives of the no-longer-so-Grand Old Party. The Republicans went through

tually every major bill before the House Tongsun Park paid heavily for a birthday party for O'Neill, but Tip got none of the money.

With his salary raised from the majority leader's \$52,000 a year to \$65,600, Tip has finally persuaded Millie that they can afford a Washington home, and she will join him there. Two daughters are already near by—Rosemary in the State Department and Susan working as a representative for the National Association of Government Employees. Eldest son Thomas P. O'Neill III, 31, is currently tied to Boston; he is Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts.

While Tip may rule the House, he could find that with Millie ruling the household seven days a week, he might at last lose weight and keep it off. Although he stands 6 ft. 2 1/2 in., he has yo-yoed between 210 and 296 lbs., now carrying a bulky 263.

The town of Weatherford in Texas has a population of about 12,000 and boasts that two of its citizens have won national fame: Actress-Singer Mary Martin and Congressman James Claude Wright. For the next two years at least, Wright will probably get top billing over Mary Martin for a change.

Jim Wright, as he prefers to call himself even on official congressional stationery, will be 54 next week. Elected to the state legislature at the unripe age of 24, he was considered outrageously liberal on some civil rights issues. He retained that label in the first few years after he reached Congress in 1954. But while he continues to be rated as liberal

THE NATION



INDIANA'S JOHN BRADEMAS
...of Democratic programs.

the motions of re-electing Arizona's John J. Rhodes, 66, minority leader, and naming Illinois' Robert H. Michel, 53, minority whip. With House Republicans outnumbered more than 2 to 1 by the Democrats, however, the G.O.P. leadership faces a long and probably barren couple of years.

on economic issues, on others he has become conservative.

His Fort Worth district produces the F-111 fighter plane, and Wright usually supports generous defense spending. In 1969 he was the chief sponsor of a House resolution endorsing President Nixon's prosecution of the Viet Nam War (two years after Tip O'Neill had become a dove). He has voted for an expanded anti-ballistic missile program and for development of the B-1 bomber.

Domestically, Wright has sided with the highway lobby and opposed help for mass transit in the cities. He supports the widely criticized depletion allowance for "small" oil companies, but not for the majors. He voted against the Civil Rights Act of 1964, forbidding discrimination in public accommodations, but in favor of the Voting Rights Act of 1965—one of the foundation stones of Candidate Jimmy Carter's victory.

In all, Wright has voted counter to the Democratic majority that he must now lead no less than 30% of the time as against a mere 6% for Tip O'Neill. To offset these political liabilities, Wright has precious personal assets. He is a good listener, ever ready to help his colleagues. When he chooses to speak out, he displays a good command of rhetoric. Wright has defined his future role as that of a builder of bridges between differing Democratic factions. With a ready smile below his high-flying eyebrows, Wright has a personality that wins him friends among men who disagree strongly with his ideology. When he does differ with Speaker-elect O'Neill, he can still be counted on to be a loyal player on Tip's team.



MEMBERS OF JURY LEAVING COURTHOUSE; BRONFMAN AT PRESS CONFERENCE; BELOW: DEFENDANTS LYNCH & BYRNE



TRIALS

Still a Reasonable Doubt

From the first, the family of Samuel Bronfman II figured on a guilty verdict for the two men accused of kidnaping the young Seagram liquor heir. Anything less would be a slap at Sam and them—a judgment that the "victim" had really masterminded the crime for the \$2.3 million ransom. Late last week, as 120 people crowded the White Plains, N.Y., courtroom, the jury filed back after 19 hours and 30 minutes of deliberation and delivered a stunning decision: not guilty of kidnaping.

At the defense table, Mel Patrick Lynch, 38, a New York fireman, and Dominic Byrne, 54, a limousine-service operator, sobbed. The jury pronounced both guilty on the charge of extortion. That verdict will almost certainly mean prison for the two Irish Americans—but shorter terms than a kidnaping conviction would have carried. Thus ended one of the strangest criminal trials of this decade.

The Bronfman entourage reacted swiftly and angrily. Jonathan Rinehart, a family spokesman, called the verdict an "outrageous travesty." Said Sam

Including Sam's father, Edgar, chairman of Seagram, who had just returned from Washington, D.C., where with 14 other business leaders he had conferred with President-elect Jimmy Carter.

Bronfman, 23: "I think it's a pretty sad system when you have a guy who gets kidnaped and his kidnapers are caught red-handed and they get off."

Interviewed by TIME Correspondent Mary Cronin, Bronfman recalled in a husky voice how he felt during what he has often described as his nine-day ordeal in August 1975. "You've only one thought in mind staying alive. As long as you are alive, you are alive. The only thing I feared was death." He claimed that Lynch once told him that he had made a mistake in undertaking the kidnaping. The wrenching experience of the trial, Bronfman said, made him sympathetic with Patty Hearst: "I am more cynical and skeptical." Added Bronfman, who has continued to work at his job as a promotion copywriter for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED: "I am a private person. My interests are basic and simple. I love my wife. I want to make her happy and I want to do something constructive in my life."

But the jury's verdict—which casts doubt on all of Bronfman's claims about the kidnaping—may not permit him to slip peacefully into obscurity. Several jurors at trial's end openly charged him with engineering his own abduction. Said one, Mrs. Amelia Dricot, a house-

wife from Mount Vernon, N.Y.: "I think he planned the whole operation." As early as the first evening of the jury's deliberation, eight jurors voted to acquit the defendants, two wanted to convict, and two remained undecided.

Apparently the defense summations crystallized the uncertainties of the jurors. The lawyer for Byrne hit hard on the contention that Bronfman had plenty of opportunities to escape Lynch's attorney, Walter J. Higgins Jr., argued that Sam Bronfman did not want to wait until he was 40 to get his hands on his immense trust fund. Also, the lawyer contended, neither the 63 witnesses nor the state's evidence clearly supported the kidnap charge. Summed up Higgins: "The facts reek of reasonable doubt."

The jurors evidently agreed. William Link, 30, an employee of Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co., said they believed Bronfman had faked his imprisonment. The rope used to bind him was flimsy, for one thing, and the blindfold placed on him looked like a flip visor. According to Link, the jurors also thought Bronfman was lying when he taped an emotional plea to his father, then a moment later changed his voice and said briskly, "Do it again." On the stand, Bronfman was unconvincing. He appeared to choke up when he looked at the jury, said Link, and compose himself when he turned to the judge.

According to Link, Lynch's allegations that he had a homosexual affair with Bronfman and that Bronfman pressured him into the kidnap scheme by threatening to expose his homosexuality, did not play much of a role in the jury's deliberations.

Bryne and Lynch face sentencing Jan. 6 on the extortion conviction, which they plan to appeal. Said Carl Vergari, the Westchester district attorney whose office prosecuted the kidnaping case: "I am going to recommend the maximum sentence to the judge"—15 years. Vergari does not suspect Sam Bronfman of involvement. He said flatly: "I am convinced that Lynch and Byrne are guilty. I wouldn't have tried them if I wasn't convinced." Nevertheless, in the minds of many people, a cloud of suspicion will inevitably linger over Sam Bronfman.



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DEFENSE

The Glomar Mystery

When the *Glomar Explorer* story first broke 21 months ago, the Central Intelligence Agency did a purposeful job of disclosing as little information as possible. In a series of briefings, then CIA Director William Colby confided to reporters that the U.S. had used a large vessel reportedly built for Howard Hughes to try to retrieve a 1961-vintage Soviet submarine that had sunk northwest of Hawaii. Unfortunately, the Gulf-class sub cracked apart as it was being hoisted. Only the forward third was recovered. Colby did not say what it contained, but any knowledgeable person would expect that it housed torpedoes and perhaps other valuable materials. The mid-and aft sections, containing the far more important nuclear missiles and code room, slipped through the retrieval tongs.

Two weeks ago, TIME printed an article about *Glomar* based partly on a talk with a former *Glomar* crew member named Joe Rodriguez (TIME, Dec. 6). As the first of *Glomar*'s some 200 crewmen to speak, Rodriguez provided previously unknown touches about shipboard life (filet mignon was standard fare; *Deep Throat* was the favorite flick). Rodriguez's most significant hint, however, was that *Glomar* retrieved the entire Soviet sub. TIME checked out Rodriguez's suggestion with a number of Pentagon experts, who appeared to confirm it. They conceded that significant and so far undisclosed portions of the sub—including nuclear missiles and torpedoes—had been recovered from the seafed "A technical mother lode," one Navy official called it.

Last week, after TIME raised additional questions about his involvement with *Glomar*, Rodriguez, now a Sacramento-area hairdresser, admitted that he had not been on the ship during the recovery, he had taken part only in training cruises and had left before the key voyage ("I'm sorry, I feel bad. I will not sleep well tonight," he said.)

Times Story. Meanwhile, the New York Times published two articles by Reporter Seymour Hersh that directly contradicted the TIME accounts. Hersh named as chief sources two brothers, Wayne Collier, 33, who worked as CIA recruiter for the crew, and his younger brother Bill, hired by Wayne as a cutting-torch handler. Though neither man was aboard the *Glomar* at the time of the sub-lifting, Bill was on the ship when the retrieved portions were being dissected. In a sense, Hersh's account reinforced the original CIA thesis: only the sub's forward third was recovered. But he added that four torpedoes were found as well as a partial description of cryptographic codes and booklets on the state of Soviet nuclear technology.

In fact, much more than that was recovered, say TIME's Pentagon sources, even though the previous version that

the entire sub was raised was apparently wrong. What was recovered was the bulk of the weapons system installed in the vessel, which carried three SSN-5 surface-to-surface nuclear missiles. This is according to the Pentagon sources, who stick by their accounts of a far fuller retrieval than previously conceded by the CIA. Thus, after another twist of the *Glomar* mystery, the successes—or failures—of the mission remain confused.

The Soviets, in any case, are taking no chances. Since 1975, they have stationed an intelligence-gathering ship over the spot in the Pacific where the *Glomar* found the ill-fated Soviet sub. The vessel apparently is there to make certain that the U.S. does not attempt to pick up any more pieces—if indeed there are any more.

GEORGIA

Little Brother's Loss

The Amoco station across the railroad tracks from the peanut-warehouse office is the only public place in Plains, Ga., where you can drink beer. The suds flowed furiously last Monday night, and the good ole boys were having a great ole time. Billy Carter, 39, owner of the gas station and younger brother of the President-elect of the U.S., was throwing the party he had promised, win or lose. And for the second time in two years, Billy had come up a loser. By a 90-to-71 margin, he was defeated for the mayoralty of Plains by Incumbent A.I. (for Aaron Loren) Blanton, 49, an air-traffic controller and part-time barber.

The gashouse gang grew rowdier as one reporter after another shoved in to yell questions over the din. This was, after all, no ordinary small-town election. Oh, he didn't really care, said Billy 50 different ways. His most credible explanation: "I lost because I drink beer on Sundays and because I'm a Carter."

No doubt, Billy Carter not only drinks beer on Sundays, he gives it away at the service station in circumvention of Georgia's blue laws. After 5:30 p.m. on weekdays, he spends time with a few six-packs and a roomful of cronies.

There may have been another reason for Billy's defeat. Said Jimmy Carter: "The people of Plains probably think they've got enough Carters winning elections." Beyond booze and the voters' reluctance to make Plains into a family dynasty, the biggest issue in the contest was the future of the tiny town (pop. 683). Celebrity has already taken its toll up to 2,000 tourists pour in daily, overtaxing the toilets, parking illegally in hopes of getting a ticket to save as a souvenir, tearing pages out of the Baptist church's hymnals on Sundays. Claiming that Blanton's air-controller work in Albany, 40 miles away, prevented him from executing his mayoral duties fully, Billy said he ran "because I didn't want to see Plains go right straight to hell."

THE NATION



BILLY CARTER AFTER DEFEAT
Suds flowed furiously.

For reasons of his own, Billy has chosen to adopt a buffoonish public persona when the reporters come calling. That did not help him much with the townsfolk. "I joined the church when I was twelve years old," he likes to say, "and I've been back there three times since Correction—five times."

Wife Sybil, 38, to whom Billy has been married for 21 years, disputes his un-Christian image. "What nobodys knows is that if Billy wants to go to church, he'll go to Americus 16 miles away and go to church, and nobodys knows anything about it." Billy is also a family man: the beer house never prevents him from sitting down to dinner with Sybil and their six children, who range in age from three months to 20 years. He is also a hang-up businessman who in the past six years has raised the gross of the family peanut business from \$800,000 to \$4 million plus.

Well-Read. "Anyone who underestimates Billy," Jimmy Carter said last week, "is making a serious mistake." Billy lasted less than a year at Emory University. But he reads four Georgia papers each day, as well as three books a week (Faulkner is a favorite). Says Jimmy: "Billy's a much better-read person than I am."

Billy perversely told the press on Election Night that he might like to move to Australia to try again for public office. In fact he has bought 170 wooded acres near town to build his family a new house far from the gawking tourists who "drive you slap-assed crazy." Nor will he be a stranger to public service. Right after losing to Blanton he was named to a six-year, \$1,800-per-annum term as tax assessor for Sumter County. Good thing that, as he says, he has never felt jealous of Jimmy.

FRANCE

Chirac: Rousing the Gaullist Ghost



Charles de Gaulle liked to believe that all Frenchmen at heart were Gaullists, ready to respond instantly to his mystic brand of nationalism in times of travail—provided, of course, that the call to glory came from an inspired and iron-willed leader. Last week a generally disgruntled French populace awoke to the claxon of a familiar bugle, and lo, it was playing their song.

The man with the horn was not that elegantly patrician occupant of the Elysée Palace. President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing (who is, after all, not even a Gaullist, but a member of the small Independent Republican Party). The bugler was the impatient, youngish Gaullist, Jacques Chirac, who only 3½ months ago angrily quit as Premier because he felt that Giscard had failed to halt the march of the left in France. Now Chirac was issuing a call to arms that would have pleased De Gaulle if he announced the grand reformation of the moribund Gaullist party, formed his battalions and declared war on the left. In so doing, he challenged Giscard for the leadership of the governing majority.

The great pronouncement was revealed in the form of the consecration of Chirac himself as the new strongman of Gaullism, and it was celebrated at a masterfully staged political extravaganza. The name of the old party, U.D.R. (*Union des Démocrates pour la République*)

was changed to the Assemblée pour la République (*Rassemblement pour la République*).¹ Seventy thousand Gaullist supporters—the biggest political convention ever—were brought to Paris' Porte de Versailles exhibition hall by ten special trains, 300 buses and charter flights from all over the country. An excited, happy crowd of all ages of men and women, many wearing their color emblems or buttons that read: CHIRAC, I BELIEVE IN HIM (*Chirac, J'y Crois!*) Drawn by the old French hunger for strong chieftains, they had come more for the man himself than for the party. Said a truck driver, beaming: "We are called, it's because we are needed." An old farmer remembered: "We stopped the Reds in 1924 this way."

Shee-Rack! Climaxing a day-long orgy of pride and peroration, Chirac stood atop an immense podium, his arms outstretched in the large V popularized by De Gaulle: "Let us restore hope to our country!" he shouted to the throng. Like tiny flashes of lightning, the reflections of strobe lights glittered on his large glasses while his followers cheered over and over. "Shee-rack! Shee-rack!"

There was a sense of political iron as well as holy resurrection. Two and a half years ago, in an act of brutal pragmatism, Chirac rejected his own party's Gaullist candidate, Jacques Chaban-Delmas, in the French presidential elections and threw his support to Giscard, the more likely winner. Now Chirac was promising to lead the Gaullists out of the wilderness, to save France from the man he had helped elect.

The falling-out between Giscard and Chirac was inevitable. The fundamental conflict focused on the problem of the rising strength of the Socialist-Communist alliance. Chirac had lost patience with Giscard's ineffectual attempt to woo the moderate Socialists with a program of reforms aimed at reshaping France into an "advanced liberal democracy." The trouble was that the reforms were too mild to win support from the left and too strong to please Giscard's conservative support.

For example, Chirac found himself defending a capital gains tax that his own party vehemently opposed. Giscard's failure to halt inflation or cut record unemployment only exacerbated France's growing mood of anxiety and drift. The result: a steady drain of confidence in Giscard's ability to govern, which strengthened the left. Chirac wanted to force a new election by di-

¹ De Gaulle's old 1947 movement was called the *Rassemblement du Peuple Français*.

solving the National Assembly and waging a tough anti-Communist campaign for a new Parliament; Giscard refused to risk a confrontation that would split France along ideological lines; rebuffed, Chirac quit (TIME, Sept. 6).

As Chirac told Paris Bureau Chief Gregory Wierzyński, "General de Gaulle taught us that a politician can act only if he has the consensus of the electorate. As Premier I did not wish to govern France if the belief that we represented a majority was contested. There was only one way to prove our legitimacy."

Within a week of resigning from the government, Chirac charted a comeback. The old Gaullist party, without a President or a Premier for the first time in 18 years, was in disarray. The Gaullists needed Chirac as much as he needed them. "We would have faced a party crisis within six months," says Yves Guena, now head of the new RPR's political section. "Chirac offered an adventure, and between slow death and adventure, I chose adventure."

Chirac's first task will be to build a nationwide political organization staffed by his own men, equipped with computers and other modern electioneering techniques. But the basic thrust of the new party is to appeal to the disillusioned shopkeepers, small businessmen, clerks, office employees and workers who have been turning to the Socialists. For months, polls have shown the Socialist-Communist strength at 52%, enough for a parliamentary majority if the election were held today. "We will succeed," says Guena, "only if we can recuperate the lower-middle-class vote that used to go to General de Gaulle and Georges Pompidou." Patriotism, the Gaullists hope, will once again cut across all classes. "Chirac is building his Assembly on the nation," says Jean Charlot, an eminent historian of Gaullism. "Giscard could not build an Assembly on the idea of Europe."

No Crisis. Chirac cannot go too far in opposing Giscard without triggering a confrontation that would only weaken the government majority and benefit the left. Moreover, much of the pending legislation in the Assembly was hatched while Chirac was still Premier; this blunts any credible Gaullist opposition to these measures. But the Gaullists will stay arms-length from the President from now on. They may oppose direct elections to a European parliament and object to ratifying the International Monetary Fund accord reached last January in Jamaica; an agreement they view as asymptomatic of Giscard's shift to supranationalism. Beyond these skirmishes, the two men are, in the words of Historian Charlot, "condemned to get along." Chirac told Wierzyński, "I will not fail in all directions in an irresponsible manner. So long as there is no major change in the policies of France, so long as I am in the majority, I have no intention of provoking a crisis."

That promise may be hard to keep. The government, for example, chose the day of Chirac's convention to expel striking printers who had been occupying the plant of the daily newspaper *Le Parisien Libéré* for nearly 22 months. The expulsion provoked a nationwide printers' strike, denying Chirac much-needed publicity about his triumph at Porte de Versailles.

Chirac is looking to the legislative elections now scheduled for March 1978. If his clout is decisive in blocking the left from achieving a majority in Parliament, Chirac, the strongman of the majority, will overshadow Giscard and quite possibly unseat him in the 1981 presidential election. At the very least, he has already rekindled the potent mystique of Charles de Gaulle.

Political Poker Is His Game

Jacques Chirac is in a hurry. He always has been. Of all the mannerisms that reveal him, perhaps none is more telling to a Frenchman's taste than the way he eats furiously and fast, raising only the question of how much he savors as he dines.

Chirac has chewed his way through France's political structure at a frenzied pace. At 30, after graduation from France's elite civil service academy, l'Ecole Nationale d'Administration, he won a position on the staff of Georges Pompidou, then Charles de Gaulle's Premier. In the next decade he held five ministerial posts, and at 41 became the youngest Premier in the history of the Fifth Republic. Now, at 44, he has picked up the fallen banner—and lofty rhetoric—of *le grand Charles* himself.

Chirac's political turnabouts—first against Jacques Chaban-Delmas, the Gaullist candidate in 1974, then against President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing—have earned him a reputation as an opportunist. Chaban still privately refers to him as a "traitor." Others have called him Jacques the Knife, and some cynical members of Giscard's Independent Republicans characterized the dramatic rally at which he launched his renamed party as "smacking of Nuremberg." Those who know Chirac well—including foreign diplomats—are positive he is no "closet fascist," though he is staunchly conservative. He is against nationalization and NATO, for free enterprise and French nationalism. He is a strong partisan of law-and-order and calls his military service in Algeria "the most exhilarating experience in my life."

Pompidou fondly dubbed Chirac my bulldozer." Chirac's time is spent on little but his work. He averages two weekends a month at his Corrèze château with his wife, Bernadette, and two daughters, Laurence, 18, and Claude, 15. He has no hobbies, plays no sport. Bristling with nervous energy, he can be brutal to his staff. He often startles visitors by leaping from behind his desk and pacing the floor.

Chirac makes decisions impulsively and quickly, a trait that some observers predict will sooner or later lead him into a fatal blunder. Observes National Assembly President Edgar Faure: "Gis-



CHIRAC ASSESSES HIS WORLD

card plays bridge. Chirac plays poker." Gaullist leader Yves Guena looks at Chirac's propensity to take political gambles somewhat differently. "Chirac's real genius is his intuition."

For all the risks he takes, Chirac's operations are meticulously planned and executed. Before picking a new name for his party, he consulted marketing experts and conducted polls on key words. It was discovered that *rassemblement* was better received than *mouvement République et française* which was later dropped from the name because Chirac thought it suggested a challenge to the government struck responsive chords, though *démocratie* did not. Indeed, a computer analysis revealed that De Gaulle had used the word only nine times in all his public speeches.

A recent poll published by the news-magazine *Le Point* revealed that voters find Chirac "stubborn, tough and pretentious." But a close friend cites another quality that may prove more meaningful for France: "Jacques, like a good combat leader, never retreats."



MIKI REACTS TO ELECTION NIGHT DEBACLE

KONO (RIGHT) RAISES VICTORY SYMBOL
Flying high after Lockheed.

JAPAN

How Dirt Finally Downed Mr. Clean

Tight-lipped and haggard, Japan's Premier Takeo Miki waded into the TV glare to concede defeat. Acknowledging an "unprecedented crisis of the postwar years," Miki called on his faction-torn Liberal Democratic Party to "accept frankly the judgment of the people" and seek "reform and change." The L.D.P. has little choice. In an election upset with far-ranging implications, 57 million Japanese voters last week dealt the country's ruling party its worst drubbing since it was formed in 1955.

The election increased the strength of four of Japan's five opposition parties in the lower house of the Diet (the other loser: the Communists, who dropped 22 of their 39 seats). The chief beneficiaries of the voter uprising were three moderate reform groups: the Buddhist-backed Komite (Clean Government Party), the Democratic Socialist Party and the New Liberal Club, a maverick L.D.P. spin-off dedicated to "rehabilitating conservatism."

Good Judgment. What aroused cautious, conservative Japanese voters to overturn two decades of L.D.P. rule, was outrage over the "rokkiido" (Lockheed) scandal, plus concern over inflation (9.7%), pollution and soaring medical, housing and utility costs. Miki's decision to play a reformer's role and expose his own party's involvement in the Lockheed case was not sufficient to save the L.D.P. Confessed Miki, as he watched the votes pour in on television: "I can't help admiring the Japanese people for showing such good judgment."

With just 249 of 511 seats, Miki's Liberal Democrats could patch together a wafer-thin majority of three only after gaining the support of nine independents. Though the L.D.P. will still be able to form a government, its era of uncontested dominance is over. For the first time, it will be forced to woo opposition groups and indulge in parliamentary trade-offs and maneuvering.

The first such maneuver may be the resignation of Premier Miki. Soon after the election, one Miki aide asked rhetorically, "Why do we admire cherry blossoms so much?" Because they fall so quickly. When they're still beautiful, still pure, the aesthetic is right. That's why Miki will resign," Miki himself told an associate. "The Japanese sense of grace will not permit me to stay." With that, he withdrew for the weekend to his mountain villa 80 miles west of Tokyo to put the final touches on what is expected to be an unusual combination: an offer to resign tied to demands for reform. These include renunciation of "money politics," an energetic continuation of the Lockheed probe and the election of a successor from the party at large, rather than by L.D.P. Diet members. Without such concessions, Miki could well refuse

to resign since he retains considerable support. In that case he might yet survive as Premier or at least remain, in his fashion, a powerful elder statesman.

Miki's attitude typifies his defiance of L.D.P. tradition, a quality that has irritated, affronted and finally outraged party stalwarts. Deceptively mild-mannered, Miki, 69, displayed samurai nerve all year pressing the Lockheed investigation to the indictment of 19 top businessmen and politicians, including his predecessor as Premier, Kakuei Tanaka. Even as he was acclaimed the "Mr. Clean" of Japanese politics, party leaders tried to dump him for exposing L.D.P. improprieties. Backed in the struggle by public opinion and the press, Miki had hoped for vindication at the polls.

Instead, Tanaka and four other Diet members linked to Lockheed's scheme to buy influence and stimulate sales with over \$2 million in bribes were re-elected by loyal rural constituencies, while three Cabinet members were defeated.

Miki's strongest challenger is his harshest critic, former Deputy Premier Takeo Fukuda, 71, who has lined up powerful backing from among the L.D.P.'s half-dozen factions in a bid to succeed Miki. Their rivalry became so bitter that they maintained separate national headquarters during the three-week campaign and kept up a running feud that badly damaged L.D.P. prospects. One possible compromise choice is Finance Minister Masayoshi Ohira. Miki is genuinely convinced that radical reforms are needed to refurbish the L.D.P.'s image. His diagnosis: "The party caused its own defeat because we failed to reflect deeply on our past mistakes."

Buried Scandals. The mistakes are more like earthquake faults in the system of *kenken* (money power) the Liberal Democrats have forged. Formed as an umbrella group running from the nationalist right to the non-Marxist left, the L.D.P. was vanguard and overseer of the dynamic industrial surge that made Japan's the world's third largest economy. While successive L.D.P. governments focused on development, Japan's growing social welfare problems became issues for the opposition. Since 1958, the L.D.P.'s vote has dropped from 57.8% to last week's 42%.

Throughout, the L.D.P. lived in symbiosis with the industrial giants of "Japan Inc." At election time, lavish flows of corporate cash fueled the L.D.P. campaigns. Frequent scandals were quickly buried, and in the heady atmosphere of growth, few cared. But all that has changed since 1974, when Miki stepped in as the L.D.P.'s compromise choice to replace disgraced Premier Tanaka. The L.D.P.'s decline may be hard

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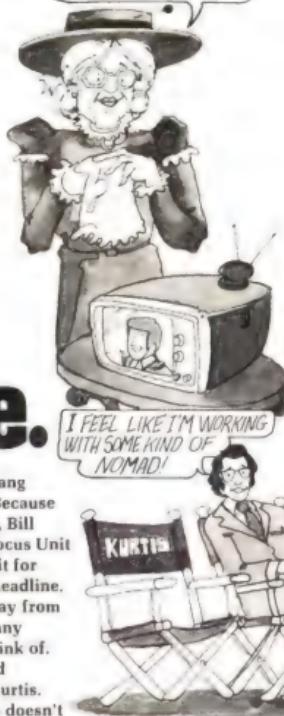
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THE WORLD

to reverse. Says one high Miki aide: "I would not rule out a breakup of the party. We're in for a period of basic political realignment in Japan."

Wary Voters. Still, Japanese voters remain wary of radical alternatives. Among the strongest evidence of that was the pounding the Communists took at the polls. Voters apparently shied away from giving them real power as the L.D.P. weakened. Indeed, last week's most striking gains were scored by the centrist New Liberal Club, led by Yohei Kono, 39, who broke from the L.D.P. last June. As the 25 candidates Kono fielded, 17 won, an astonishing triumph for a new party in Japan. Kono told TIME last week: "We're not socialists. But we insist on equality of opportunity. We want fair competition in business. We want a smaller and more efficient bureaucracy." Those themes and N.L.C. calls for reform of campaign finance and the school system's "examination hell" clearly struck home with the voters. The victory has made Kono a national figure and raised talk of a possible coalition with the L.D.P.

Japan's reformers have something else to look forward to: 50% of all Japanese are now under 30, and the 4.3 million new voters in last week's election showed their weariness with the nation's feuding gerontocrats by dumping superannuated candidates of most parties. With that young constituency in mind, reformers can drive hard bargains for any aid they extend to their damaged, divided and scandal-prone elders.

Meanwhile, in Italy

While Japanese voters were punishing the L.D.P., an Italian parliamentary commission digging into Lockheed payoffs has been winding up its own probe. The commission has indicted former Premier Mariano Rumor, two former Defense Ministers and nine lesser figures for accepting \$1.5 million in Lockheed cash. Now the 20-member board of inquiry faces ticklish legal and political problems. Under Italy's bribery statutes, prosecution of graft-takers is nearly impossible unless those who supplied the cash are also charged. Last week the board considered indicting former Lockheed President A. Carl Kotchian and at least half a dozen other Americans, but decided to postpone such action pending testimony by Rumor and his Italian associates.

There is a chance that none of the defendants will come to trial, for two reasons: 1) indictment of the Americans might lead to pressures for their extradition—an unlikely prospect; 2) with Italy asking for U.S. loans to shore up the lira, pressing criminal charges against U.S. citizens might seem tactless. But the commission may act against the Americans anyway, if only to diffuse Italian cynicism about politicians and that international symbol of trouble—Lockheed.

DIPLOMACY

Europe Hands Henry a Last Hurrah

As Henry Kissinger himself might have put it, the end of a diplomatic era was at hand. Barring some unforeseen emergency, Kissinger's trip to the NATO ministerial conference in Brussels last week was to be his last journey abroad as U.S. Secretary of State. TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schechter accompanied the most traveled Secretary of State in U.S. history on his farewell voyage and cabled this report:

At first it seemed like just another Kissinger journey—one of 40 covering more than 560,000 miles that have carried him to 57 countries since he became Secretary of State in September 1973. Aboard his blue-and-white Boeing 707, Kissinger and his wife Nancy chatted with correspondents about events of great and not-so-great moment. Nancy's yellow Labrador, Tyler, had been in his first dogfight but was recovering nicely, thank you. After Jan. 20, Henry Kissinger would spend a restful month at Banker David Rockefeller's home on St. Bartholemew Island in the Caribbean. There would be a fitting punishment for the diplomatic press once Cyrus Vance took office. "The only shut-

TYING UP NORWAY'S KNUST FRYDENLUND



tle you guys will take from now on is between New York and Washington." Asked who would paint his official portrait, which will be displayed at the State Department, Kissinger replied with a grin: "I can pick the artist, but Vance can pick the corridor."

On landing in Brussels, Kissinger threw himself into a series of mini-shuttles and summits. He called on King Baudouin, met with Crown Prince Hassan of Jordan and conferred with the European Community Commissioner for External Affairs, Sir Christopher Soames. There were also sessions with seven Foreign Ministers, notably Turkey's Ihsan Caglayangil and Greece's Dimitri Bitsos, both engaged in critical negotiations on the future of Cyprus.

No Illusions. At the NATO Council meeting, Kissinger spoke for history. In a 45-minute closed session he reviewed the state of the world and cautioned that it would be unwise for NATO to indicate in detail in advance how it would respond to a Soviet attack. By maintaining a nuclear option, NATO retains the credibility of its deterrent strength. Thus Kissinger urged the council to reject the Warsaw Pact's proposal for a treaty banning the first use of nuclear weapons and limiting the size of NATO. While warning of growing Soviet military strength, Kissinger stressed that the West should not become paralyzed by it. The West must show unity, will and consistency, not oscillation between excessive fears and illusions," he said.

Above all, Kissinger underscored the U.S. commitment to NATO. "No alliance," he declared, "is as important as the North Atlantic alliance, and nothing is of more importance to the unity of the West." Then he read a message from President-elect Jimmy Carter promising that "the American commitment to maintaining the NATO alliance

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shall be sustained and strengthened under my Administration." NATO, said Carter, "lies at the heart of the partnership between North America and Western Europe."

Accolades for Kissinger flowed like the heady Beaujolais *nvouveau* that has just arrived in Brussels. Portuguese Foreign Minister José Ferreira lauded the Secretary's "indelible imprint on the work of our council." NATO Secretary-General Joseph Luns hailed him as "one of the most effective Foreign Ministers of our century" and "a man to whom the adjective 'great' can be applied with sincerity." Belgian Foreign Minister Renaat van Eslslande presented Kissinger with a reproduction of a Latin encyclopedia from the year 1120; West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher gave him a 1642 engraving of Kissinger's birthplace, Fuerth, Germany.

Amidst the ringing praise for his wisdom and charm, darker moments in the complex relationship between the European-born U.S. Secretary and the Continent's leaders were mostly forgotten. The much-vaunted Year of Europe that Kissinger had advocated in 1973, without prior consultation, had outraged the allies. In the oil crisis and embargo of the same year, Kissinger privately described the Europeans as "craven" for failing to stand up to the oil producers. He exacerbated troubled U.S. relations with Greece and Turkey during the Cyprus invasion of 1974. Yet, as the Europeans well—and gratefully—realized, he had boldly assumed the role of U.S. President for foreign policy and symbolized America's steady resolve during a profound domestic crisis. He could threaten, he could promise—and he could deliver. As secret negotiator, summiteer and diplomat *extraordinaire*, Kissinger had fascinated the Europeans.

Decent Interval. On his final official trip, Kissinger resisted any temptation to grow maudlin. Instead, he spoke of how the fundamentals of American foreign policy, which he had helped establish, would endure. He foresaw no radical change in the U.S. policy of detente toward Moscow; he urged NATO ministers to create incentives for the Soviet Union to seek responsible courses of action. He was optimistic about Middle East negotiations now that the influence of the Palestine Liberation Organization has "been reduced" and relations between Syria and the Soviet Union have chilled.

Concluding his farewell appearance in Brussels, Kissinger stopped off in London in a final effort to salvage the deadlocked Rhodesian talks, to dine with Prime Minister Callaghan and attend a soccer match. Then he left for Washington, to sort out his plans for the future. There will be a "decent interval" of a year for work on his memoirs. And what then? When newsmen teased him, Henry Kissinger replied—some would say with a Mona Lisa smile—"I'll be back in 1985."



MENTEN'S ESTATE AND IN SS GARB

NAZIS

The Collector: Art and the SS

"Armed Ukrainians were herding other Jews in our direction. Some had locked themselves in their houses and the doors had to be broken down and the people dragged out kicking and screaming. I recognized Pieter Menten in a German uniform, along with two other Gestapo agents. They had mounted machine guns in front of them. I saw Ukrainians digging a pit some 15 yards from the guns. You could hear voices and crying. Later the guards began to take people out in small groups of ten and twelve. They pushed them onto planks set over the pit. Then you could hear the machine guns. A continuous rat-ta-ta-tat. It was Menten with the two Germans."

Abe Pollak, 65, a Polish-born Jew who is now a New York hotel electrician, vividly remembers those horrible events of Aug. 27, 1941. Pollak ran from the scene and managed to escape the massacre that befell his family and their Jewish neighbors in the East Galician town of Utrice. For years he lived alone with his nightmare, but now it is known to millions of Dutch citizens—as is their fellow countryman, Millionaire Art Collector Pieter Nicolaas Menten, 77. Last week Dutch and Swiss police finally cornered the fleeing Menten and his wife in a hotel near Zurich. Found in Menten's room: photocopies of Swiss extradition law, and tickets for a TWA flight to New York. Menten unsuccessfully attempted suicide shortly after his capture.



JOURNALIST HANS KNOO (LEFT) WATCHES AS

Bringing him to bay came as a vast relief to the embarrassed Dutch government, which had inexplicably fumbled his arrest three weeks before, allowing the alleged war criminal to escape from his palatial Blaricum estate, and causing a national scandal.

Deep Grudge. Born to a wealthy Rotterdam family, Menten first became interested in Poland through his father's business connections there. The son, in turn, developed an extensive export trade in Dutch products to Poland. Menten moved in 1923 to East Galicia (now in Poland, part of the U.S.S.R.'s Ukraine), where he became a prosperous landowner and businessman. He was mild-mannered and quiet, but developed a deep grudge against a prominent neighboring Jewish family over a business dispute. Menten went home to Holland in 1939, when Russia invaded eastern Poland, and returned in 1941 after the Nazi counter-occupation—this time as a member of the SS. In Galicia, according to witnesses, he helped shoot as many members of the offending family as he could find, then turned on other Jews in the area.

The Nazi occupiers thought highly of Menten, and made him, among oth-



PIETER NICOLAAS MENTEN IS TAKEN BY POLICE

er things, a custodian of Jewish antique dealerships. On his trip back to Holland in 1943, he traveled in a private train carrying four carloads of his personal art works. This remarkable shipment brought him to the notice of Dutch Resistance fighters, and after the war Menten was tried as a Nazi collaborator.

The proceedings became the most drawn-out in postwar Dutch history. Menten had influential friends. His chief defense lawyer was the speaker of the Tweede Kamer, the lower house of the Dutch parliament. When the controversial trial ended in 1949, Menten got off with serving only an eight-month term for having worked in uniform as a Nazi interpreter. Later, Dutch prosecutors ignored allegations by an Israeli journalist that Menten had taken part in the East Galician atrocities. Two years later, in 1951, the Dutch government also brushed aside a Polish request for Menten's extradition.

Menten grew progressively richer by speculating in stocks and art objects, filling his 20-room mansion with more art works. This collection includes paintings by Nicolas Maes, Francisco Goya, and Jan Sluyters; and building up millions of dollars in real estate holdings. His un-

doing began last spring with publicity that the firm of Sotheby-Mak Van Waay would auction part of Menten's art collection in Amsterdam. The same Israeli journalist, Havin Kanaan, who had been accumulating evidence against Menten for decades, alerted the Dutch press and, once again, the government. The press, led by Hans Knoop, editor of the weekly magazine *Accent*, and journalists of a television current-affairs program, *Aktau TV*, launched an investigative effort on a scale rarely seen in Europe. Pollak and another witness to the Urice killings were found; later interviews were made with townspeople in East Galicia who identified Menten and described other killings in a neighboring village. Menten, denying all, was

*Run by TIME Stringer Wibo van de Linde

EAST GERMANY

Making Dissenters Pay the Price

They were unmistakable as they got off the Aeroflot TU-104 turboprops and into waiting Volga cars: somewhat shapeless heavy wool overcoats, dark gray felt hats and impassive faces that, to the knowing, suggest the KGB officer. Hundreds of them were flown in from Moscow to forger in East Berlin's grim, hulking Ministry of the Interior, the headquarters of the nation's vast security-police network. Other Russian officers were dispatched to secret-police stations around the country. According to Western intelligence analysts, this activity meant that the Soviets were now directly supervising the campaign of repression that has shaken East Germany for the past two months.

Without a Trace. A number of dissenters have reportedly been confined to lunatic asylums for expressing unorthodox opinions. Hundreds have been arrested or put under constant police surveillance. Among the most recent targets is Physicist Robert Havemann, an open critic of East Germany's Communist regime. Seized late last month at his home outside East Berlin, he is being held under stringent house arrest. Another victim is a leading East German writer, Jürgen Fuchs, who disappeared without a trace after the police kidnapped him on a busy street in broad daylight.

One apparent purpose of the new crackdown is to so intimidate the country's intellectuals that they will stop the embarrassing practice of criticizing Party Boss Erich Honecker's regime from inside East Germany. A case in point is Balladeer Wolf Biermann, 40, a poet and songwriter who regards himself as a dedicated Communist and actually emigrated from West Germany to East Germany in 1953 because he wanted to live in a Communist-run state. Since then he has become an outspoken critic of what he regards as East Berlin's distor-

tioned, on live television, with the evidence.

Dutch officials then launched a new investigation. They decided to arrest Menten on a Thursday, but delayed the seizure until the next Monday. When police arrived at his mansion, a servant reported the Mentens had left on a long trip—destination unknown.

The furor in the Tweede Kamer was instantaneous and may not die down despite Menten's capture following a Swiss man's tip. Before fleeing, the art-loving SS man did some homework, if not quite enough. He calculated correctly that the Swiss statute of limitations on his offenses had expired. But the Swiss can expel those who commit "crimes against humanity." Doing so, however, requires a decision by the full Swiss cabinet, which will meet soon.

tion of Marxism, and accuses the East German government of being "a dictatorship, but not a dictatorship of the proletariat."

Biermann's songs, though well known abroad, have been banned in East Germany since 1965. (One typical lyric ridiculing Communist bureaucrats: "Fat oxen belong in the pot. Not in official positions.") Thus it came as a surprise when the East German authorities gave Biermann permission to go on a two-week concert tour of West Germany. Once Biermann left, the trap was sprung: his citizenship was canceled. Biermann was disconsolate, and has since pleaded to return.

Dissident artists and intellectuals

PHYSICIST HAVEMANN BEFORE ARREST



THE WORLD

are probably not the prime target of the new crackdown. It seems more designed to warn Honecker's 17 million countrymen that overt popular discontent will not be tolerated. In a recent reshuffle of the country's top posts, Honecker demoted some relative moderates and increased the power of the hard-liners.

The well-disciplined East Germans had generally been models of quiescence since their futile June 1953 riot in East Berlin, but lately they have become restless. Since the spring, 200,000 of them have sought permission to emigrate, obviously taking seriously the promise of freer travel and reunification of families made by the East Berlin regime when it signed the European security accord at last year's Helsinki Conference. But only 10,275 exit visas have been granted, and most of them to elderly people. Applicants have frequently been fired from their jobs and been subjected to police searches. Some have been severely beaten by "indignant citizens" working for the police.

Better in Bulgaria? Communist bosses are puzzled by the growing dissatisfaction, primarily because their people enjoy the highest standard of living in Eastern Europe (East Germany's per capita GNP is \$3,430, compared with Poland's \$2,450 and Bulgaria's \$1,770). One problem is that East Germany is suffering from an acute shortage of hard currency. This is largely because of the recent price increase in oil imported by East Germany from the Soviet Union. As a result, consumer goods are in unusually short supply.

Another problem is posed by the impact of West Germany on East. Millions of West Germans visit East Germany each year, and about 70% of East Germans can receive West German television. Laments a senior East German official: "We have found it's no good telling people they're better off than the Bulgarians or letting them take vacations in Czechoslovakia. They compare their life-style to what they see on Western television and want to travel to Italy, Spain or France."

Ironically, the wave of arrests may help bring East Germany a bonanza in precious Western currency with which to buy the foreign-made goods that are in such short supply. Last week the Bonn government was continuing to ransom political prisoners from the East for as much as \$15,000 a head. Since 1970, when this unsavory commerce in human beings began, Bonn has purchased 7,200 prisoners. The cost: \$108 million. The West German government dislikes this grisly trade but justifies it as a humanitarian necessity. West Germans live too close to incidents such as last week's, when a West German border patrol heard a shot go off from a self-firing gun mounted on the border fence. The shot was followed by cries of "Help me! I'm dying! Let me cross!" Another escape attempt from East Germany had failed.

ITALY

A Lady's Honor

On a balmy night last July, a statuesque Sicilian blonde, Graziella Quartuccio, 43, was snatched away in her nightgown from her Monreale home near Palermo by a machine-gun-toting gang of ski-masked Mafiosi. A kidnapping is no surprise in Italy. It has become such a way of life since 1970 that police now freeze the assets of the victim's family in an effort to prevent payoffs. Million-dollar ransoms are routine. But this case rocked Palermo: it is not honorable to involve women in such matters, and the victim's husband, contractor Giuseppe Quartuccio, 66, was known to have Mafia connections.

Goodbye Embrace. Seven days after the kidnapping came women's lib. Graziella turned up unharmed, even though a \$1.5 million ransom demand had not been met. That night, acting on a telephone tip, police found the body of a tortured hoodlum, his face burned and battered beyond recognition, his death caused by strangulation. The next day a Monreale jeweler was murdered in his shop—only five minutes after Giuseppe Quartuccio had been seen giving him the Mafia's classic goodbye kiss on each cheek. Asked about the ominous embrace, Quartuccio said sadly, "My friend? He had the courage to console me and clasp me after the terrible event." In the next four weeks, two brothers of the slain jeweler were gunned down in the wholesale vegetable market, two 20-year-old suspected Mafiosi were shot dead in Piazza Don Bosco, and two others disappeared.

Now, after months of investigation, police have arrested Quartuccio and charged him with waging a vendetta against the gang that kidnapped his wife. It first appeared that the kidnappers had hastily released Graziella when they realized they were not tangling with just any old Siciliano. As it turned out, however,



GRAZIELLA, HUSBAND (RIGHT) & BROTHER
The dons got impatient.

ever. Graziella had been forcibly rescued by some of her husband's friends. Apparently the kidnappers were younger Mafiosi, who in recent years have grown markedly disrespectful of their elders' feelings. Even the favored nephew of Giuseppe Garda ("Don Peppino"), the boss of Monreale and an associate of Quartuccio's, was kidnapped in 1974 and ransomed for \$1.5 million. To Sicilian police, the wave of killings suggested that the dons were at last losing patience with the punks.

Will prosecutors be able to prove that Quartuccio was a contractor in more ways than one? As usual, witnesses are few. Sicily's Mafia may have lost its respect for its elders, but its respect for silence remains.

BODY OF SICILIAN HOODLUM, TIED SO THAT HE HAD TO STRANGLE HIMSELF



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Message to America

from Israel's Premier Yitzhak Rabin

As part of our Bicentennial observance, TIME asked leaders of nations around the world to address the American people through the pages of TIME on how they view the U.S. and what they hope—and expect—from the nation in the years ahead. This message from Premier Yitzhak Rabin of Israel is the ninth in the series.

I write from the standpoint of a small democracy addressing itself to the largest and most powerful democracy in the world. I write, too, from the standpoint of a people that sees in the American idea and value system a reflection of its own heritage.

I register these thoughts to emphasize a general point of which the reader should be aware—in the perception of the thinking Israeli there intrudes an emotional dimension when he relates to the United States. He invariably finds it difficult to be absolutely detached. He does not look at the U.S. as though it were a totally strange country thousands of miles away. The reason goes beyond the presence there of a great Jewish community with which there exists a profound bond of religion and history. It reaches deep into the national instinct.

More than any other nation, the image America projects to us of itself conforms in diverse ways with our own, much smaller self-portrait. What we see is a country that graduated through the same school of ideas as we did.

America's Declaration of Independence is separated from our own by 172 years. Though the class of 1776 and the class of 1948 came from different backgrounds and neighborhoods, they had learned the same lessons from the same old textbooks. They had common teachers who had taught them a system of ethics rooted in a single source, the Bible. They were so indoctrinated with the enlightenment of the Prophets—the abhorrence of injustice, the individual worth of every man and woman and the rights of the people to liberty under the law—that it impelled them not merely to self-determination, but to actual revolution. For both, government by democracy was seen as the most natural system to protect the values that had inspired them.

There is a further quality that the Israeli recognizes as familiar about the generations of 1776 and 1948. Both had an immigrant tradition. Persecution and the search for a better life had impelled them or their forebears to go on what Jefferson called a "quest of new habitations." Both conceived of their societies as havens for the homeless and the persecuted. For both, immigration became pioneering, and pioneering, nation building.

This is the instinctive kinship Israel feels toward America. I experienced it on a personal level in the years I lived in the U.S.A. when serving as my country's ambassador between 1968 and 1973. The overwhelming recollection I have of those years is one of spontaneous reciprocal understanding.

There is, I believe, a political axiom that emanates from this spiritual tie. The heritage of history we share and the tradition of government and law to which this heritage gave

birth inexorably endow our two nations with the same fundamental aspirations for ourselves and for the world. America and Israel may occasionally disagree, sometimes sharply, but I cannot conceive of a time when we shall ever fall out.

What our world will look like in decades to come and what will be the quality of its life will be decisively shaped by how this and the next generations of Americans perceive their role in their third century of freedom. Such is the measure of U.S. influence on the future of our contracting planet. America's extraordinary size, its natural resources, its wealth, its technology, its national philosophy and the resilience of its system, all combine to command the responsibility of leadership. So much of what America does (or fails to do), be it internal or external, must ultimately set off ripples, and sometimes waves, that intersect with peoples far afield.

I am reminded, in this connection, of what Abraham Lincoln once said of the American Declaration of Independence: "There is something in that declaration giving liberty not only to the people of this country [America], but hope to the world for all future time." Were the United States ever to depart from what the authors of its independence willed it to be, then the civilization of freedom as we know it will be greatly threatened. Our century has demonstrated how much the fortitude of the Old World rests on that of the New. It is the lesson of international experience that there can be no freedom anywhere, nor will there be peace in this world, without a United States strong and confident in its purpose.

If what was true of America in Lincoln's day has since been magnified ten-fold, so, too, has the responsibility of the smaller democracies toward themselves. The first condition of our individual strength and survival is our own self-will, not U.S. power. There is no outside substitute for the inner resolve demanded of a democratic society in the pursuit of its national security and the liberty of its citizens. A free nation that is not willing to mobilize all its inner resources to protect its right to live through its own self-sacrifice cannot be helped by others. This is the fundamental doctrine we in Israel live by. We alone are responsible for our own defense. This is how it has been. This is how it must be. I emphasize this principle since I believe it to be the condition of our special relationship with the United States. I emphasize it, too, because I see in all this, above all, the moral justification for the generous aid America has rendered to Israel so that we may have the means to defend our freedom ourselves.

Distance offers perspective, and the view of America from Jerusalem in this Bicentennial year is an optimistic one. What I see is a structure of government genuinely reflective of a people that has an incredible capacity for self-invigoration. I see a national conscience that repeatedly renews itself and asserts itself, fed by roots that reach down into the moral soil out of which America grew. I see a nation that still evokes moral principle in the diplomatic affairs of our world. To a small sister democracy like Israel, this is evidence enough to warrant the confidence that the United States will do good things for itself and for the world as its third century unfolds.



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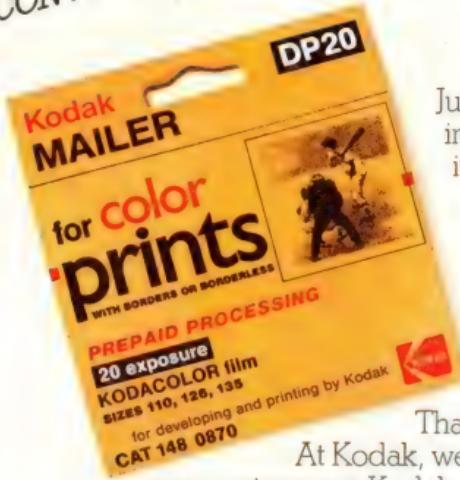
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KODAK MAILERS



Yule Log: Happy His & Hers

Time was when a man feeling leaded, fond and possibly guilty at Christmas time would tie himself to Tiffany or Cartier and buy his loved one a little something to make her feel like Cleopatra—an epithalamium of emeralds, say, or a modest suburban tiara. The trend in recent years, however, seems to have been away from the unilateral bauble and toward the his and her extravaganza, particularly of the shared, sensory and sensational sort.

This Christmas, for example, he and she may bestow upon themselves a \$286.125 weekend at the Hyatt resort on South Carolina's Hilton Head Island. At that price, they can have the place entirely to themselves or else share it with 720 of their most intimate pals. For a couple with less time and fewer dollars but more friends, a 135-min. private performance of Circus Vargas, billed as the world's largest tented show, can be had for \$47,500, popcorn and cotton candy for 5,000 guests included. For only \$2,500 more, Houston's Astroworld amusement park is available for an exclusive day.

Sakowitz, the Houston supermarket that offers the above enticements, has alter-ego trips for Yule and You-all. For \$2 million an acre—the buyer provides the acre—Disney Designer Roland Crump will build him and her their own amusement park. Andy Warhol will produce, write, photograph and direct a feature film to suit the patrons' whim.

Spanish Gold. Should would-be George and Georgina Plimptons so desire, they can guest-coach the Houston Rockets pro basketball team for \$2,000 per couple per day. For the more active twosome, Sakowitz will serve up a weekend of treasure hunting for Spanish gold at the bottom of Scotland's Tobermory Bay, complete with licensed diver, plus bed and board at the Duke of Argyll's Inveraray Castle (cost \$50,000 a pair in Yankee green). Or, for \$37,500 each, they can spend two weeks aboard a schooner retracing Darwin's voyage of the *Beagle*. Sakowitz, while reporting more "interest" than sales, was hoping for a last-minute spurt in exotica purchases.

Over at Neiman-Marcus, Santa's Dallas helpers noted that Bicentennial and bison had bisyllabic echoes, so why not make this the Year of the Buffalo? They have in honor of *Bison bison* and togetherness, N-M is offering a small herd of trophies ranging from rolls of 40 uncirculated buffalo nickels—minted in 1938, the last year the bison was seen on coins—at \$450 each, to "nearly life-size" stuffed synthetic bison for \$700. The boffo gift for buffalo buffs live male and female calves (\$11,750 the pair)

from "the first certified 100% pure-bred buffalo herd in the U.S." There are 20 pairs available; gift wrapping is described as "optional and difficult." Bison sales to date: 20 rolls, two stuffed and one pair on the hoof.

There is still, it is true, a wealth of gifts available for the unreconstructed bauble bestower. A woman might consider giving her man the ultimate desk a T-shaped, 7-ft.-long slab of teak, rosewood or African kevazinga; it rests on a mirrored aluminum pedestal and delivery of \$10,000 to Lehigh-Leopold Furniture Co. Or she may pin her love on his chest, in the form of a \$3,000, one-of-a-kind Countess Mara necklace, described as a "blossoming 14-karat gold rose studded with genuine brilliantly faceted diamonds, mounted on imported silk-cut velvet."

His Something Different for Her might be a gold omelette pan that, with a start-up supply of four pounds of truffles and four dozen double-yolked eggs, could serve up Christmas brunch for \$30,000 (made out to Neiman-Marcus). An adoring he might present an artistic her with a basswood and spruce Zuckermann harpsichord, copied from Taschin's exquisite 18th century model, priced at a modest \$5,500 from Manhattan's Baroque Music Center. Or they could buy two and play Bach to Bach.

Odds & Trends

Hartmania. The name of the mane is the Gretta Wig, but it makes the wearer look like Mary Hartman. Just now arriving in department stores, the Louise Lasser look-alike locks come from Alva Hair Creations in 20 shades (no grays) and are made of Elura, a mod-acrylic fiber that can be shampooed or cream-rinsed. Price: around \$55.

S.O.Seattle. Unlike other cities that promote ad campaigns to lure tourists, Seattle is waging a battle to persuade people who live in the city to stay in the city. Six 30-sec. commercial spots, being aired free of charge by the three major commercial TV stations, emphasize the theme that Seattle is "an interesting place to live." One spot depicts a rush-hour traffic jam with the single spoken message "If you lived in Seattle, you'd be home by now." The commercials were made for less than \$2,000 of public money—and, say city officials, will have paid for themselves in taxes if they persuade only three or four families to resist the flight to the suburbs.

Little Monsters. For the child who does not get enough blood and ghouls from TV or movies, new Monster Make-Up



LOUISE LASSER LOOK-ALIKE LOCKS
The name of the mane is Gretta.

and Horror Make-Up kits provide the wherewithal for 56 basic variations of Lon Chaney, including leprosy or misshapen cheekbones, deformed foreheads, grotesque scars, dagger wounds, drooping, bulging eyeballs, bullet holes—plus a bottle of nontoxic gore. The kits, which sell for less than \$20 each, were designed by Veteran Makeup Artist Dick Smith, who turned Linda Blair's head in *The Exorcist* and aged Marlon Brando in *The Godfather*. They come with a packet of powdered gelatin, which when melted in hot water becomes Flex Flesh and can be shaped in a variety of plastic molds. The skin-thin horror mug is kept in place with spirit gum and can take makeup. New York's Pressman Corp., which makes the sets, has sold some 250,000.

DO-IT-YOURSELF LON CHANEY





BING EASES INTO A REHEARSAL

"To show how much I care, I wore my hair," quipped long-playing Crooner **Bing Crosby**, 72, after taking the concert stage in New York City last week. Crosby, who last appeared on Broadway in 1931, began a two-week stint with Old Friend **Rosemary Clooney**, 48. Also on the program: Wife **Kathryn**, 43, and their three teen-age children. Though his locks may be thinner, the Crooner's baritone seemed as full as ever as he tramped through almost 50 songs in the three-hour show. Afterward, Crosby reminisced about the first time he played New York in the late '20s. He and Fellow Singer Al Rinker had put together an act for the Paul Whiteman Band. "We had been a big hit on the road," recalls Bing, "but we were taken off the bill in New York because we didn't do well. Paul put us back in the band, just humming."

After 34 years of perking up Washington as a White House reporter and later as press secretary to **Lady Bird Johnson**, Auntie Mamie's **Liz Carpenter** is heading home to Austin, Texas, "to think more, to write more and to raise a little hell." At a farewell party at Ford's Theater, Old Friends **Pearl Bailey** and **Carol Channing** sang a duet, and **Nancy Dickerson** and **Gloria Steinem** helped narrate Carpenter's life story. But stealing the show, as usual, was Liz herself. "I stand here as the only Democrat leaving town," she told the 650 guests. Reminiscing a bit, Carpenter, 56, cracked: "I can remember most of the men's first wives and **Bill Proxmire's** first hair." Liz is calling her new home in Texas "Grassroots." That way, she explains, her friends can visit her on their expense accounts, claiming they have been "to see what they're thinking at the grass roots."

It was like a scene out of a **Graham Greene** novel: a Central-American strongman and an Oxford-educated Briton sat beneath a coconut tree on a tropical beach philosophizing. The

strongman, Panamanian Dictator **Omar Torrijos**, noted that both their fathers had been teachers, and that he had left his family at 17. The Briton, Author **Greene** himself, mused between sips of rum punch: "You should thank God you did escape from home because if you hadn't you might be an intellectual today." Greene quickly added: "I am not, because to be an intellectual is rather academic. A creative writer seems to me to be emotionally involved, and that is not being an intellectual. They are people who regard from a distance and don't involve themselves. When an intellectual like **Kissinger** gets involved in events, it's a disaster."

Norway's **Trygve Lie**, the first Secretary-General of the United Nations, once said he had "the world's most impossible job." Lie was accountable to only 55 member nations in 1946; now there are 146, and the job has not grown any easier. Even so, Austrian-born **Kurt Waldheim**, who was elected Secretary-General in 1971, wanted a second five-year term, and last week he got it. Unflappable Waldheim, 57, has earned respect from big and small powers for his quietly energetic diplomacy. He received a 14-to-0 endorsement on the second ballot in the Security Council, and was re-elected by acclamation in the General Assembly. How does Waldheim view his job? As one of moral suasion, he says: "Like the Pope, I have no divisions."

Move over, Muse, here comes Cupid! Dancer **Donna McKechnie**, 33, who plays the director's ex-girl friend in *A Chorus Line*, rewrote the script by wedding the show's real director and choreographer, **Michael Bennett**, 33, in Paris. Hollywood's **William Friedkin**, 37, who directed *The French Connection*, *The Exorcist* and *The Boys in the Band*, plans to marry French Actress **Jeanne Moreau**, 48, next month. Even television's fiercely independent **Bionic Woman** has been smitten. The intend-

AUTHOR GRAHAM GREENE PALAVERS UNDER THE PALMS WITH OMAR TORRIJOS





BENNETT & McKECHNIE: TWO ON THE AISLE

ed for **Lindsay Wagner**, 27, her longtime roommate. Actor **Michael Brandon**, 31, Blasé about the upcoming ceremony. Brandon says: "We're going to wing it. Who wants to write a script and memorize lines? We do that all the time."

In their heyday, California-Texas Oil Chairman **James Moffett** and Wife **Adeline** fancied his-and-her yachts as well as luxurious estates in New York and Florida. After James died in 1953, however, Widow Adeline fell upon harder times and by 1964 had moved into a \$150-per-month apartment in Palm Beach, Fla. Now 82, she may have a shot at the salad days once again. Evicted four years ago, after a rent dispute, she has filed a \$50 million-plus suit for "wrongful eviction, embarrassment, humiliation and shame" against her former landlord, reputed Billionaire **John D. MacArthur**, 79. Last week a Florida appellate court ordered MacArthur, sole stockholder of the Bankers Life and Casualty Co., to reveal his net worth in case punitive damages are awarded to the widow. The notoriously frugal MacArthur, who once said that "anybody who knows what he's worth isn't worth

WOUNDED MARLEY AFTER SHOOTING



very much," complains that finding out in his case would cost a fortune in accountants' fees. Says the gleeful Adeline: "I'm the only person who might ever get a look at his money. That's quite a win in itself."

Bob Marley, with a Bullet," blared *Rolling Stone* last August over a cover story on Jamaica's master of reggae music. The headline alluded only to Marley's speedy progress up the record charts, but it would have been literally on the mark after gunmen broke into the singer-composer's home outside Kingston. Armed with automatic weapons, they winged Marley and wounded his wife, his manager and a friend. The attackers, police surmised, were angered by Marley's commitment to appear last week in a concert sponsored by the People's National Party or Prime Minister Michael Manley, who is fighting a bitter election campaign against the Jamaican Labor Party. Two days after the shooting, surrounded by government troops, Marley performed as promised before some 80,000 fans. His description of the shooting: "Lots of machine-gun fire, man, but only one shot in my left arm. It don't hurt too much."

That picture of a demure young bride-to-be is not by Bradford Bachrach but by a salesman lucky enough to have had a camera in hand when **Olga Korbut** tried on a wedding gown in a St. Louis suburb. The darling of the 1972 Olympics, who is on an eleven-city U.S. tour with the U.S.S.R. National Gymnastics Team, pulled out three crisp \$100 bills in J.C. Penney's to buy the gown and matching veil (total \$225). Olga, 21, plans to be married back home next year. Who is the lucky guy? "Just an ordinary boy," shrugs Korbut. No honeymoon is planned. Says the bride, with no hint of a blush: "If you get all your kicks in one month, what else is left?"



BRANDON CHEEK TO CHEEK WITH BIONIC BRIDE-TO-BE



OLGA TRIES ON WEDDING DRESS



DETROIT'S HENRY FORD II



GENERAL ELECTRIC CHAIRMAN JONES



POLICY

Recharging the Batteries?

The U.S. economy resembles a car whose battery is running down in the winter cold. It clearly needs a new charge from the incoming Carter Administration—but how much amperage should be poured in? Last week some dollar numbers emerged from separate meetings between Carter and his transition staff, and the incoming President and chief executives of 15 giant companies, including Ford Motor Chairman Henry Ford II and DuPont Chairman Irving Shapiro. The President-elect's advisers were somewhat more modest than the businessmen. In effect, they called for \$20 billion in tax cuts and spending increases, while the corporate chiefs—or at least their spokesman, General Electric Chairman Reginald Jones—opted for \$23 billion. But the similarities in the plans were striking. For example, both advocated spending of an additional \$5 billion by the government on job-creating programs.

No Rejoicing. The transition staff wants temporary tax cuts of about \$15 billion. Part would be in the form of one or more rebates to individuals on 1976 taxes, similar to the rebate scheme of 1975, when taxpayers received checks of \$100 to \$200. Part would be in the form of lower withholding rates on 1977 income. In the view of Bert Lance, Carter's incoming director of the Office of Management and Budget (see box), permanent cuts would endanger the new

Administration's goal of producing a balanced budget by 1980.

Carter's aides also proposed that the new Administration pour \$5 billion into direct federal aid for jobs, grants to state and local governments, and additional subsidies to keep down interest rates on home-mortgage loans. In all, the transition staff's proposals would increase the budget deficit in fiscal 1977, which ends next Sept. 30, to \$76 billion, from \$61 billion envisaged by the staff of the Senate Budget Committee. Lance, in an interview with TIME, wryly acknowledged that so large a deficit "is not going to be received with great rejoicing in the minds of the American people" and that the need for it will have to be carefully explained.

The businessmen's plan was drawn up by GE's Jones for an earlier session of the Conference Board, a private research group. Many of its elements reflect conservative business thinking. Like the Carter transition staff's program, the Jones plan calls for \$15 billion in tax cuts for individuals, but Jones would make them permanent, not temporary. That would tend to limit the size of the Federal Government in the future, by reducing the revenues available to start new social programs. To boost investment in new plant and equipment, the Jones plan also specifies an increase in the investment tax credit, to 13% from the current 10%.

A Talk with the New Budget Boss

"I think that the economy is going to be worse on January 20 than it is now," says Thomas Bertram Lance, the little-known Atlanta banker who is Jimmy Carter's choice to be director of the Office of Management and Budget. It is a sample of the candid views he will be offering as an economic policymaker—and his long and close relationship with Carter guarantees that the President-elect will listen. Last week Lance talked with TIME Correspondent John Berry about Administration strategy, Carter's relations with businessmen and his own job. Among his views:

ON THE STATE OF BUSINESS: The economy is not rebounding as everybody thought it might. Christmas sales are not going to be enough to start a new boom. The problem is not going to go away without some sort of direct action. I

think that something along the lines of the 1975 tax rebate is needed, plus investment incentives, plus some kind of work program. The possibility of inflationary overstimulation of the economy is not a major factor now.

ON BUSINESSMEN'S ATTITUDE TO CARTER: I think their concerns are pretty well being dispelled by the way that he does things. Businessmen generally appreciate and respect performance. The business community won't agree with him about everything, and they won't get what they always think they might deserve, but they'll always know how he stands. He'll explain that to them very directly. You know, his action about wage and price controls [flatly rejecting the idea of imposing them] will do more to start restoring confidence than anything else, because it removes a vast area of uncertainty.

That would reduce taxes on corporate profits by \$3 billion a year.

Tax reductions for individuals under the Jones plan would average 19% for taxpayers with incomes below \$20,000, but would only average 4% for taxpayers with higher incomes. About 72% of the benefits would flow to workers earning less than \$20,000. They and more affluent taxpayers who would get only the 4% cut would receive benefits either through alterations of existing tax brackets or through increasing the personal tax credit from the current \$35 to \$50.

About 60% of the \$5 billion for job-increasing programs under the Jones plan would be spent during the current fiscal year. It would consist of a \$1.6 billion urban youth corps program, a \$300 million expansion of the Job Corps program, a \$2.1 billion increase in public service jobs and a \$1 billion subsidy for job training by industry.

Almost Equal. The President-elect has apparently made no firm decisions as to how much stimulus he will favor. Henry Ford II feels there is little chance Carter will go too far. Said he: "The possibility of erring on the overstimulation side is rather slim. We're at a low enough base that the problem of inflation isn't great."

Carter has told his staff to keep fleshing out the options. But if the economic news continues to be as bad as it has been during the past few weeks, there is no question that the Carter transition team's current \$20 billion maximum could turn into a minimum, with business and the new Administration asking for almost equal packages.

ON POSSIBLE ADMINISTRATION PRICE GUIDELINES: I think it would be a mistake to set hard and fast numbers, targets. If you do, it just always says to somebody that they have a chance to cross the Rubicon and say 'I did it.' Once you start being specific you will have what begins to constitute a managed economy. I think that you have got to allow the marketplace to do its thing. [but] you may try to jawbone.

ON HIS OWN RELATIONS WITH CARTER: I would think we will have a really easy relationship, not formal or structured. He will expect me to help him wherever I can. I think the area of congressional relationships is awfully important, and I may be able to work in that area. In Georgia, while I ran the highway department, I had other areas that I dealt with, relations with the business community, for instance, and I would expect to be involved there. I think I will be wide-ranging, not just strictly handling the budget.



TRANSPORTATION SECRETARY WILLIAM COLEMAN: TEST OF SAFETY DEVICE



AUTOS

Air Bags: Will They Ever Sell?

I studied the technical data, and then I made up my mind that air bags work. But they cannot be imposed instantly on people.

Thus did Secretary of Transportation William T. Coleman Jr. explain an odd-sounding ruling last week. He admitted that air bags—which inflate instantly upon impact of a collision, keeping the driver and front-seat riders from being hurled against the dashboard or windshield—might save an estimated 12,000 lives a year if installed on all U.S.-made cars. Nonetheless, he refused to order such universal installation. Instead, Coleman asked the car companies to outfit 500,000 cars with air bags during the next two model years, in what would amount to a mass test.

His decision will keep alive a controversy that has been raging for seven years. Advocates of air bags, led by Ralph Nader and some insurance companies, especially Allstate, have demanded that the Government order the bags put in all cars. Allstate's argument: use of the air bags would mean fewer deaths and serious injuries, thus also fewer lawsuits, smaller claims payments and, ultimately, lower insurance rates. Automakers regard the bags as vastly overrated.

Failed Fiat. The automakers are relieved that they will not have to spend the \$600 million that would have been necessary to equip all 1978-model cars with air bags. But they are none too happy about Coleman's request that they put up \$48 million of their own money to conduct a demonstration project over the next two years—which they regard as an offer they cannot refuse.

The automakers' misgivings paled in comparison to Nader's fury. He shrilly denounced Coleman's caution as "a massive act of irresponsibility that will

doom thousands of Americans to needless death and injury on the highway." Nader vowed that he would ask the Secretary of Transportation in the Carter Administration to reverse the ruling.

Coleman caustically noted that under a previous chief, his department had ordered the "interlock" system (the engine would not start unless a combination lap-shoulder belt was fastened) on 1974-model autos, but that public anger against this federal fiat caused Congress to repeal the requirement for 1975 models. Coleman argued that a similar Washington mandate concerning air bags would have the same result.

In sales experiments so far, air bags have indeed proved unpopular. General Motors offered air bags as an option on some models in 1974 at \$225 per car and at slightly higher prices for the next two model years. GM thought it might sell 300,000 air-bag autos per year, but total sales were only 11,000.

No Panacea. Actually, while they may indeed save some lives, air bags are no panacea for auto safety. They are most effective in frontal crashes taking place at less than 30 m.p.h., such as occur when a car hits a tree or light pole—but most head-on collisions between two cars are much more violent. Air bags are not effective in side swipes, back-end collisions, or multiple jolts (they deflate in a fraction of a second after the initial impact).

Air bags also occasionally inflate when there is no collision, startling and possibly interfering with the driver. Such misfires occurred on ten of the 11,000 air-bag cars that GM sold—a tiny proportion but still worrisome. The most convincing argument against the bags, however, is that at present the driving public just does not want them, a point that Coleman concedes, though he thinks the attitude can be changed.

Fiddling Dangerously While Fuel Burns



By night, New York City, Las Vegas, Tokyo and other cities across the industrialized world are a carnival of wastefully blazing lights. In Rome's Villa Borghese park, thousands of street lamps glow wanly in bright morning sunshine. Thermostats are set at stifling levels in many German homes. From Berlin to Osaka, families pile into their cars for weekend pleasure jaunts, clogging highways and creating hellish traffic jams. Just three years after the Arab oil embargo that shook consuming nations and threatened economic disaster, most of the world's consumers seem to have forgotten that an energy crisis ever existed.

It not only existed, but it is coming back, as menacing as ever. That at least is the consensus of energy experts and government leaders around the world—prominently including Jimmy Carter. The President-elect has declared that a new, more cohesive energy policy will be a top-priority goal of his Administration. Indeed, Carter plans to devote one of his earliest televised fireside chats to a plea to the nation to conserve fuel.

Final Crunch. The lull in the energy crisis has been the result of two developments for which governments can take no credit: a succession of mild winters and the global recession of 1974-75. Both held down fuel consumption and tended to obscure a frightening fact in the long run: the world is going to run out of oil. Known reserves may well be nearing depletion before the end of the century, sending crude production on an irreversible decline—and before

that point is reached, demand pressures will push petroleum prices to confiscatory levels, threatening economic chaos. So current consumption patterns cannot continue indefinitely. The longer governments put off taking rigorous steps to conserve oil and increase the supply of energy from other sources, such as coal and nuclear power, the more devastating the final crunch will be.

Long before that ultimate day of reckoning comes, however, the oil-burning nations face an immediate threat. The coming winter may be severe, boosting fuel usage and heating bills. And this week the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, the 13-nation supercartel that quintupled world oil prices between October 1973 and September 1975, is expected to push them up another notch, effective Jan. 1. Every percentage point of increase will translate into higher inflation, slower economic growth and fewer jobs around the industrialized world.

There had been some talk that OPEC might postpone its meeting until its members knew the outcome of a so-called North-South meeting of government ministers of industrialized and poor countries in Paris that also had been scheduled for this week. OPEC likes to pose as a champion of underdeveloped countries (even though its oil-price increases have hurt those nations more than the industrial countries). The idea was, in effect, to use the threat of another oil-price hike as a club to get the industrial countries to agree to the Third World's demands a stretch-out of debt

repayments and higher prices for non-oil commodities.

Prospects for agreement, however, are poor, and the North-South meeting has been postponed, probably until next spring. Thus, OPEC's leaders now will meet on schedule Wednesday in the tiny Persian Gulf emirate of Qatar. As usual, their deliberations will probably be dominated by Saudi Arabian Oil Minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani, who will seek to keep the increase as low as possible, and Iran's Minister of State, Jamshid Amouzgar, who will argue for a boost of at least 15%.

The divisions are rooted in economic self-interest. The Saudis speak for a bloc of almost empty desert countries with huge oil reserves—Kuwait, Qatar, the United Arab Emirates—that want to keep prices down and sales high. Algeria, Iraq and Libya, with relatively smaller production and reserves, want to get the most for their oil; they are talking up increases as high as 25%. Most outside experts guess that OPEC will eventually compromise on 10%.

Trade Deficits. For the U.S., a 10% OPEC increase would inflate oil imports by about \$3.5 billion and add about 2¢ per gal. to the price of gasoline and other fuels. That would put a further drag on the already sluggish U.S. recovery, since an oil price hike, like a tax increase, reduces the amount of money consumers and businesses have available to spend on other things. The impact of an OPEC boost will be muffled by the fact that the U.S. produces almost 60% of its oil, and most domestic oil is still under price controls.

The effect on some other major industrial countries would be far more

GASOLINE PRICES

U.S. DOLLARS PER GALLON OF REGULAR

U.S.	.58*
BRITAIN	1.09
JAPAN	1.34
W. GERMANY	1.39
FRANCE	1.60
ITALY	2.12

*Average selling price, week of Dec. 3.
Source: London Survey

TIME Chart / The Chermakers, Inc.



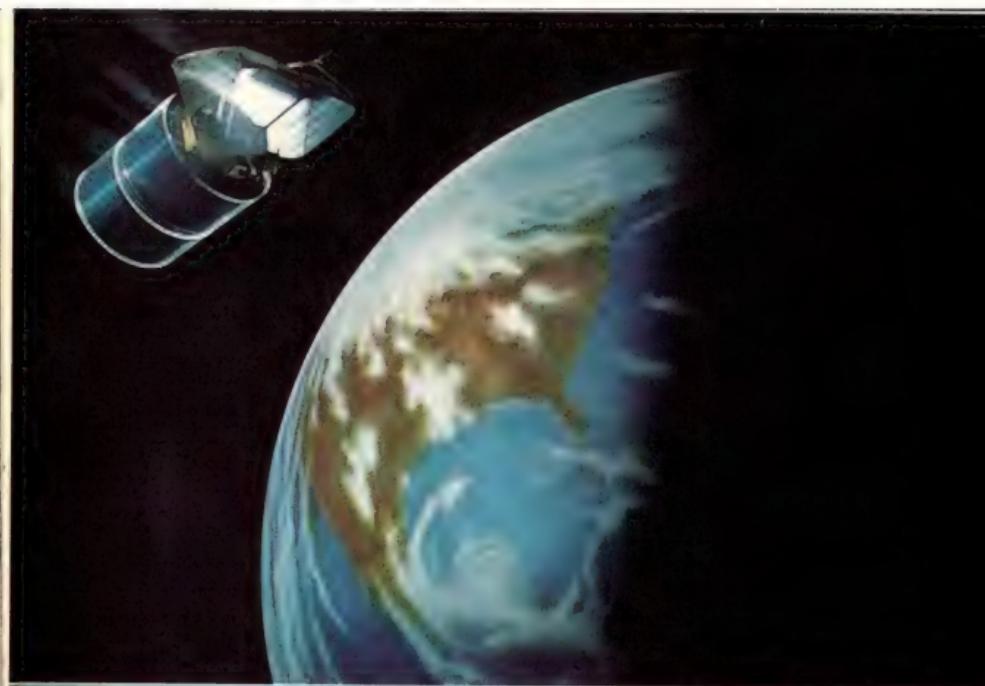
When Bernhard Stroh left Germany, he did not leave empty-handed.

He brought with him to the New World a great family brewing tradition, begun by his grandfather in the late 1700s, and handed down from one generation of Strohs to the next. This heritage is now more than 200 years old, and it is very dear to us. It helps to explain why we take such personal pride in the product that bears our family name, and why, of the ten largest breweries in America today, Stroh's is the only one that is still family-owned and family-run. The real beer lover will understand.

Stroh's



THE STROH BREWERY COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN © 1976



We're going from one extreme to another to help hold down the cost of Long Distance calling.



Network managers monitor the flow of telephone traffic, including satellite and undersea calls.

In the Atlantic Ocean, a remote-controlled sea plow buried our sixth transatlantic cable off the shore of the U.S. The 17-nation project will handle 4,000 additional simultaneous phone calls between the U.S. and Europe.

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And major Bell innovations, such as the transistor, the solar battery, and the microwave network help the satellites relay a strong, clear voice on interstate calls.

The satellites are important additions to our long distance network. Making domestic service more flexible and more dependable than ever.

So you see, sometimes going to extremes can improve long distance service from country-to-country and coast-to-coast. And help hold down costs, too.

The Bell System—people using technology to improve service and keep down costs—**Keeping your phone system the best in the world.**



Bell System

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

worrisome. Beleaguered Britain, whose own North Sea wells have barely begun production, still imports most of its crude; an OPEC boast would intensify British inflation, already nearly 15%, and put more pressure on the sinking pound. Oil imports in the first nine months of 1976 added a net \$5.5 billion to Italy's trade deficits, 45% more than a year earlier. To pay for another oil hike, Italy would have to cut other imports sharply and borrow additional cash from its trading partners and the International Monetary Fund. In Japan, which imports almost every drop of its oil, government and private economists figure that national production will rise 7% next year—if there is no OPEC price increase. But if OPEC raises oil prices by 10%, Japanese output will probably go down half a percent.

For such non-oil-producing countries in the developing world as Pakistan, Mali and Sri Lanka, any increase in oil prices presents enormous problems. Most Third World states have managed to pay their oil bills for the past three years only by borrowing an estimated \$100 billion from public and private institutions in the U.S. and other industrial countries. At present, the developing countries' total indebtedness stands at a towering \$170 billion.

The successful recycling of those massive sums is something of a triumph for the international banking system. Immediately after the 1973-74 price increases, many economists feared the banks could not cope with the huge monetary imbalances caused by the sudden shift of wealth to the OPEC countries. But some of that money came back to the oil-burning nations when producing states began buying up huge amounts of Western goods, including weapons. The rest flowed into bank deposits and other investments in industrial states and was then lent to the countries that were hit hardest by the oil booms.

New Hike. Yet most moneymen agree that banks cannot go on indefinitely taking the risks of lending on such a scale. Moreover, there is a limit to how much interest the debtors can pay, and many countries are now close to it. A new oil hike could force some poor states to default on their loans. Zaire, for one, is almost at that point now. At best, the poorest countries would have to pay for a new oil increase by reducing imports of such essentials as food, fertilizer and machinery.

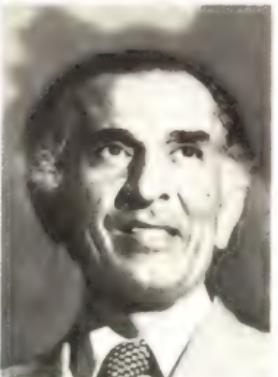
Despite these dangers, the industrial world has continued to fiddle while fuel burns. Of all the major industrial nations, only France has adopted a tough conservation policy. The government has set a flat limit of \$11 billion on the amount of money the nation will spend to import oil in 1977 and is threatening rigid enforcement of laws specifying fines for building owners who set thermostats any higher than 68° F. In Italy, by contrast, almost all the nation's economic ills (high inflation, unemploy-



SAUDI ARABIA'S YAMANI



ENERGY ADMINISTRATOR ZARB



IRAN'S JAMSHID AMOUZEGAR
The day of reckoning.

ment and trade deficit) have been immeasurably aggravated by high oil prices. Nonetheless, Gianni Theodoli, head of the nation's association of private oil companies, sums up progress toward conservation as "zero, zero, zero." The International Energy Agency, set up at the instigation of the U.S. to be a kind of oil consumers' countercartel, has achieved little except an agreement among its 19 members to share oil supplies in the event of another Arab embargo.

The U.S. is an especially glaring offender. Most other nations have managed at least some slight reductions in the percentages of their gross national products devoted to energy. But the U.S. last year consumed exactly as much energy for each dollar of GNP as it did in the embargo year of 1973. That year oil accounted for 46.7% of all energy consumed in the U.S. So far in 1976, its share is actually higher, 47.2%. Natural-gas output will fall an estimated 21% short of meeting demand this winter, compared with 6.4% during the winter of the embargo.

U.S. oil output has dropped from 9.2 million bbl a day in 1973 to 8.1 million now (main reason, according to oilmen—all the easy-to-pump crude has been found). So the nation now is importing more than 40% of all the oil it burns—36% at the time of the embargo, leaving it more vulnerable than ever to blackmail by OPEC.

The brave conservation measures of late 1973 and early 1974 have been replaced by a so-what spirit. Chicago's Commonwealth Edison Co., for example, urges viewers of its TV commercials to leave house lights on when they are on a trip, because "a darkened house is an invitation to burglars." Small gas-saving cars that motorists snapped up in 1974 are now gathering dust in dealer showrooms.

Shining Example. To pep up sluggish sales, American Motors Corp. is offering a \$253 rebate to customers who purchase its 1977 compact Pacer. In Los Angeles some dealers are giving away free 15-in. RCA color TV sets to anyone who will buy a spanking new Japanese-made Toyota (fuel efficiency rating: 41 mpg.). The Federal Energy Administration itself sets no shining example of conservation; its headquarters, in an old Washington building that once housed the Post Office Department, is almost a model of energy inefficiency. A TIME reporter visiting there on a cold day found Associate Administrator Bruce Pasternack in a sweltering-hot office. He explained a frustrated Pasternack. The heating and cooling systems are always out of phase.

Washington has taken some action. The Government has pushed to have industry and electric utilities convert gas- or oil-fired burners to coal; enacted a law requiring U.S.-built autos to get an average 20 mpg by 1980 and 27.5 mpg by 1985; and imposed a national



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EDISON NUCLEAR POWER PLANT NEAR SAN CLEMENTE

A bunch of programs that do not add up to a coordinated policy.

55-m.p.h. highway speed limit. Such steps have at least held the growth of energy use to 3.5% a year, below what it would have been if nothing at all had been done. Federal Energy Administrator Frank Zarb has set a long-range goal of reducing it further to 2.5% by 1985. Yet W. Donham Crawford, president of the Edison Electric Institute, complains quite correctly: "We do not have a national energy policy. We have a lot of policies, but they're not coordinated."

Stiff Tax. Why has more not been done? The biggest reason, undoubtedly, is sheer inertia and a lack of self-discipline. In addition, consumers and their political leaders have been reluctant to face the heavy costs of reducing dependence on foreign oil. To take the most striking example: the nation badly needs to place a stiff tax on gasoline in order to force conservation. U.S. gasoline prices are by far the lowest in the industrial world (see chart). Yet President Ford, who in general favors higher energy prices, believed public opinion was against such a tax, so he was too. Reserves of natural gas go untapped because energy companies say that current prices do not adequately cover the cost of exploration and extraction. The federally controlled price of natural gas piped across state lines, long held at 51¢ per 1,000 cu. ft., would have to jump to at least \$2 in order to encourage producers to find and ultimately pump more of that clean-burning, desperately needed fuel. Yet consumer advocates have howled angry opposition to lower increases (present top: \$1.42) decreed by the Federal Power Commission.

Though cutting wasteful practices can greatly reduce oil consumption without imposing personal hardship or weakening the economy, conservation does have its limits. If the U.S. is to hold on to its industrial lead, massive expenditures of energy will always be necessary. Thus, given the long lead times

needed to develop alternate sources of energy (eight to ten years from blueprint to electricity production for a nuclear power plant, for example), the Government also must speed up its efforts to coax more energy from those sources. But here too there are serious problems—technological, environmental, political. At present, the mainspring of the Government drive is the Energy Research and Development Administration, a fledgling agency set up in January 1975 to pull together the loose jumble of federal energy research programs. But ERDA's budget for fiscal 1977 totals only \$3.1 billion. That outlay, in the view of many experts, is nowhere near enough.

ERDA and some privately funded research groups are investigating ways to extract oil from shale, tap the energy from the sun and harness the earth's heat. None of these sources is expected to provide the ultimate solution. Combining solar with conventional energy could help cut some fuel use. One prob-

lem: methods of storing solar energy are not effective enough to be relied on as the sole source of electric or heating power in the cold winter climates of such areas as New England and the northern Middle West. Prices for getting shale oil or using wet-steam deposits in the earth to generate electricity are also far from commercially acceptable.

In fact, only two kinds of fuel are capable of supplying the massive amounts of energy that will be needed to replace the nation's dwindling supplies of domestic oil and gas. They are:

Coal. The nation's reserves are enough to last 300 years, and production is expected to rise to more than a billion tons by 1985, from 640 million tons in 1975. But achieving that goal will require some kind of compromise strip-mining legislation that would satisfy environmentalists (who fear that large-scale mining in the Western states would permanently deface the land and cause widespread erosion) without discouraging investment by the coal companies—a formula exceedingly difficult to devise. Moreover, scores of new mines will have to be opened in the East. To avoid health hazards, effective scrubbers—devices that remove dangerous sulfur fumes from the stack gases of coal-burning plants—must be perfected and other means found to treat high-sulfur coal. All that will require billions of dollars in new capital for what is now a \$5 billion industry.

Nuclear Fission. Once regarded as the ultimate power source, it has encountered a series of setbacks. Government red tape, safety worries and ballooning development costs. Electric utilities have canceled or postponed many planned plants; they have fewer nuclear plants in the design stage now than they did in 1974. The atomic-power option was further dimmed recently when President Ford decided in effect to delay commercial use of plutonium as nuclear fuel. The main reason: fear that widespread use of plutonium, a key ingredient in nuclear weapons, would

COAL BEING STRIPPED FROM ROSEBUD MINE IN EASTERN MONTANA



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

enable any country to make atomic bombs. The plutonium ban clouds the outlook for development of the breeder reactor, which is essential if the U.S. is to fill its long-term energy needs with fission.

Heated Stand. What might Carter do to cut through these tangled problems? So far, only snippets of his probable energy strategy have emerged. He has talked of doubling coal production but never said how. His most specific proposal is to combine the FEA, the FPC, ERDA and other agencies into a single Cabinet-level energy department. That should help eliminate regulatory confusion; utility executives complain that at present it can take years just to get clearances for a new nuclear power plant from all the different agencies involved. In addition, Carter should be able to avoid the wrangling with the Democratic Congress that badly hampered energy policy during the Nixon and Ford Administrations. For instance, Congress in the past two years has passed two bills that would have tightened environmental controls on strip mining; Ford vetoed both. Uncertainty about what kind of controls, if any, will be imposed has kept mining companies from making needed investments to open new pits.

At any rate, Carter intends to try to reduce dependence on oil, especially imports. To symbolize his determination, he plans to view the inaugural parade from a stand heated by a solar-energy panel. But just in case Jan. 20 comes up cloudy, a power-guzzling stand-by electric-heating system is being readied. As that illustrates, in the field of energy policy nothing is simple.



SCANDALS

Sir Hugh's Addiction

He could frequently be seen in the casinos of London and Monte Carlo, always at the roulette wheel and usually on a massive losing streak. At one time, Sir Hugh Fraser, at 40 one of Britain's more powerful businessmen, played back-to-back tables at Ladbrooke's and lost the equivalent of half a million dollars in a single evening. To cover his losses, Fraser has been forced into selling an estimated \$2.4 million worth of stock in Scottish & Universal Investments Ltd., an associate company of the House of Fraser Ltd., which owns Harrods and more than 100 other department stores throughout the British Isles.

Though he has not been formally charged with lawbreaking, Fraser's conduct has been called into question by authorities for the City, London's financial center. In a scolding report, the London Stock Exchange accused Fra-

ther of not having harmed the business. Said he: "Fraser runs the company, and he does it well."

Bloody Fool. "I think I've been a bloody fool," admits Sir Hugh. He described the stock exchange report as fair and vowed to swear off roulette. But he has fought to stay on the company's board by threatening to put his 36% stock ownership up for sale if shareholders move against him. At parties, Fraser appears to be making a joke of the whole affair. He sang and danced two weeks ago at a gathering near his Scotland home in Drymen, Stirlingshire, and led guests in choruses of *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo*.

An unpompous, handsome, likable Scot, Fraser seemed to have everything going for him a decade ago. He had just taken over the family's thriving retailing business after the death of his father, Lord Fraser of Allander, founder of the House of Fraser and a legendary British merchant. In 30 years, Lord Fraser had built his business from a draper's shop to an empire with sales of about \$275 million annually. Sir Hugh moved vigorously into his father's shoes, increasing sales to \$500 million in six years and ridding Harrods of some of its crustiness. In addition, he built Scottish & Universal Investments, at one time only a holding company for the House of Fraser, into a diverse trading organization with interests in publishing, whisky, engineering and textiles.

Sir Hugh's first marriage, to a Canadian socialite, ended in 1971 after nine years and three children. Fraser married again, but that union too ended in divorce. He began spending more time at roulette wheels. His endurance, if not his luck, was admirable. He frequently would gamble until 4 a.m., then return exhausted to his suite at Inn on the Park in London.

Why he lost so heavily at roulette—his favorite number was 32—puzzled his friends. They believed his skill as a risk-taking businessman would have told him when to quit. Says an old Ladbrooke's hand: "We could never understand how a man so clever in business could be so stupid as to sit there all night throwing money away." One friend blamed Sir Hugh's failed marriages for causing a "glandular imbalance" that impaired his gambler's instinct and made him stay far too long at the wheels. He certainly did not learn from his father, who also enjoyed gambling. Says Sir Hugh: "The great difference between my father and me was that he knew when to stop."

Sir Hugh has a record of flirting with danger; he has admitted he "likes to be frightened" and proves it by driving at 100 m.p.h. from Glasgow to Monte Carlo ("to see how fast I could get there") and racing horses with Liberal M.P. Clement Freud. Whatever the reason, Sir Hugh's recklessness has cost him more than money: the damage to his name could be permanent.



HOUSE OF FRAZER'S CHAIRMAN
Half a million in one night.

ser of "lack of judgment" and "inefficiency and ignorance of financial matters" in his running of the company, but at the same time it cleared him of attempting to use privileged information for personal gain. Still, a group of big investors is applying pressure to have Fraser removed as chairman, and the British Department of Trade is about to begin an investigation of its own.

Sir Hugh still has his backers, including Carter Hawley Hale Stores, Inc., which invested \$68 million in the House of Fraser two years ago in exchange for a 20% interest; the company also owns Neiman-Marcus in Dallas and Bergdorf Goodman of New York. From his Los Angeles office last week, Chairman Edward W. Carter said he felt "very sorry" about Fraser's personal problems but be-



**When you remember friends
this Christmas, don't forget each other.**

One of the nicest ways to show that
you care is to give, and share.

Harveys Bristol Cream. It's the best there is.

Harveys Bristol Cream



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America's
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made to taste
even milder
with a filter.

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Pall Mall Filter King-
in the gilt-edged
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



CROWDS THRONGING MODERNISTIC GUADALUPE BASILICA (OLD BUILDING AT RIGHT)

A New Shrine for the Brown Virgin

They come by the tens of thousands, bringing balloons and flowers and images of the Virgin Mary. At the gateway to the Basilica of the Virgin of Guadalupe, at the northern edge of Mexico City, many of the Roman Catholic pilgrims drop to their knees to shuffle painfully forward as they pray for forgiveness. On any day there are crowds at this most venerated shrine in the Americas, but on Dec. 12, the Day of Guadalupe, the crowds turn into a tidal wave of humanity. This week for the first time the day is being celebrated in a huge new basilica, a structure of such size and strident modernity that it raised some fears among the faithful that the Virgin might forsake her sanctuary.

Shored Up. There was little choice but to build a new shrine. The one erected in 1709 held only 2,000 people, and it was sinking in the spongy soil. The badly cracked structure will now be shored up and preserved as a museum. The new \$24 million concrete and marble basilica is supported by 1,000 subterranean pillars and can hold 20,000 people without a single column obstructing the view of the altar. "Thousands of pilgrims want to get a glimpse of Our Lady's image at the same time," explains its architect, Pedro Ramírez Vázquez.

The origin of that image is a parable of Mexican religion, race and national history. It is said that 445 years ago this week the Virgin Mary appeared to an Aztec straw weaver named Juan Diego, who had recently converted to

Christianity. Though the conquistadors had crushed Juan Diego's people ten years before, the Virgin affectionately called him "my son" and said to him in the Aztec tongue: "Here I will offer all my love, my pity, my aid and my protection to the people." She ordered the Aztec to tell the bishop to build a sanctuary to her on a nearby hillside, where the Spanish had destroyed a temple to the Aztec goddess of earth and corn known as the "Little Mother." When the bishop refused, the Virgin made Castilian roses bloom among the hillside rocks, and Juan Diego took them to the bishop in the serape. When he opened his cloak, it bore a miraculous painting of the Virgin in unmistakably Indian form, with a brown face and black hair. As Graham Greene once wrote, "The legend gave the Indian self-respect; it gave him a hold over his conquerors."

Over the centuries, the original opposition of the church, the skepticism of certain historians and officially inspired waves of violence against church buildings have not halted peasant adoration of the Virgin of Guadalupe. Her brown face adorns the banners of the troops that overthrew Spain and those of Zapata's land-hungry rebels. Today she appears everywhere in Mexico, from cantinas to taxicab dashboards to countless adobes. But the original remains on Juan Diego's cloak in the basilica. The cloak is made of a crude cactus fiber that usually lasts about 20 years; this one is still in perfect condition.

Welcome Back

"The family of Jesus Christ is incomplete so long as one of us is missing. Won't you please join us?" Responding to this half-page newspaper ad and similar appeals, 12,000 Roman Catholics in the Memphis area—one-fourth of the local diocese's membership—turned out at the city's Mid-South Coliseum. They created a rare Sunday afternoon traffic jam that delayed the rites for a half-hour. The event, unprecedented in U.S. Catholicism, was a "Day of Reconciliation." It offered sacramental absolution without individual confession to all participants, both practicing Catholics and those who had become alienated from the church, including those who had divorced and remarried. For many, it was the first Mass in years.

"I am overwhelmed by your presence," said Bishop Carroll T. Dyer, 65, as he welcomed the crowd to the giant auditorium. Sixty-one priests helped officiate at the Mass, and when it was done, there was an outburst of applause.

Dyer is considered a liberal among the U.S. bishops, and his controversial innovation will surely rouse opposition in more conservative dioceses. He had received a guarded message from the Pope's Apostolic Delegate to the U.S. Archbishop Jean Jadot, who wished him well but offered neither approval nor condemnation, a possible signal that Rome was willing to let the idea be tested. Dyer's experiment was derived from the revised rules for the sacrament of Penance, which went into effect in the U.S. earlier this year.

Expand Grounds. Although there was no breakdown on how many of last week's participants were regular or, for whatever reason, estranged members, church officials reported numerous calls from divorced and remarried Catholics who have yearned for Communion. Under an 1884 decree of the U.S. hierarchy, such people are automatically excommunicated until their previous spouses die. The Memphis ceremony was not a permanent change in discipline. All those who took Communion were instructed to make individual confessions later. Those who are divorced and remarried, in Memphis as elsewhere, must gain annulments, in which the church rules that their previous marriage never truly existed. However, the once difficult procedure is now handled locally rather than in Rome, and many dioceses have expanded the grounds to include psychological factors at the time of marriage.

At a landmark meeting in Detroit in October, delegates from U.S. dioceses boldly asked their bishops to renounce the 1884 decree and welcome back the remarried. That appears unlikely, but Dyer's experiment—he scheduled a second ceremony this week in Jackson, Tenn.—may inspire a series of reconciliation days in other parts of the nation.

MEDICINE

Neutrons Against Cancer

Twice a week Betty S., a 42-year-old artist from Chicago, makes the 30-mile trip between her home and Batavia, Ill. There she enters a large, concrete-lined room in the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory, takes a seat in what resembles nothing so much as an electric chair, and waits while a technologist helps her don a mask that holds her face totally immobile. Just before the platform under the chair is lowered beneath floor level, the growth in her throat is located by X ray and pinpointed by three intersecting low-power laser beams. Then Betty's neck is bombarded by a narrow but powerful beam of invisible nuclear particles. The awesome might of the world's largest atom smasher, usually harnessed to explore the innermost depths of the atom, is being used in the war on cancer.

Billiard Game. Betty S. has an inoperable malignant tumor of the esophagus. She is one of two dozen patients participating in a promising new program for fighting advanced cancer of the mouth, upper respiratory system, cervix, brain, pancreas and other areas that until recently have been virtually untreatable. Fermilab's weapon is a beam of high-energy neutrons produced by its linear accelerator. Directed against certain tumors, the neutrons can be more effective than the X rays normally used in cancer therapy. Their advantage lies

in the combination of their mass (they are heavy by subatomic standards) and high energy, which makes them ideal "cue balls" in a kind of atomic billiard game: penetrating deep into large tumors, they knock protons and other particles out of the atoms of the cancerous cells. That creates general biochemical havoc, breaking DNA strands and hampering cell reproduction—thus killing the malignancy.

As far back as the 1930s, Dr. Robert Stone of the University of California at Berkeley used neutron irradiation against cancer. But Stone's tests so severely damaged healthy tissue that the treatment was not revived until the 1960s at London's Hammersmith Hospital. The British physicians not only aimed the neutrons more precisely, but also adjusted the dosage so as to hold down immediate side effects.

Following the British lead, Houston's M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute, the U.S. Naval Research Lab, and the University of Washington in Seattle have all started using neutron irradiation. But Fermilab has a special advantage: it delivers neutrons at higher energies and thus can probe deeper into the tumors.

Initial Results. The director of Fermilab's neutron irradiation program, Dr. Lionel Cohen of Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital, is encouraged by the initial results, but emphasizes that the use of the Fermilab accelerator for treating cancer is still highly experimental. No one can tell what, if any, long-term damage may result from the use of high-energy neutrons. Furthermore, neutron treatment is suitable for only a small fraction of cancer patients. Says Cohen: "Only 15% of patients now being treated with conventional radiation could benefit from neutron therapy. There has to be a localized cancer of a specific type." But in these cases, neutron irradiation seems to provide hope where there was little or none before. So, asks Cohen, "why not try?"

ADJUSTING FERMILAB'S "ELECTRIC CHAIR"



JOSEPH STANZIOLA

CLOSEUP OF HEAD RESTRAINT
"Why not try?"

58



WARD IN THE BROWNSVILLE RAID

THE THEATER

Blind Injustice

THE BROWNSVILLE RAID
by CHARLES FULLER

The Negro Ensemble Company has always displayed a remarkable ardor and virtuosity in performance. The caliber of the plays has sometimes lagged behind. In *The Brownsboro Raid*, the company has a grand theme to work with—a harsh miscarriage of justice.

This documentary-styled drama is based on the dishonorable discharge of 167 black infantrymen in 1906 on the orders of President Theodore Roosevelt. Their assumed crime was a ten-minute shooting spree in Brownsville, Texas, during which one person was killed. Extensive research by Author John D. Weaver for his 1970 book, *The Brownsboro Raid*, indicated that the shootings had probably been staged by local white vigilantes who resented the stationing of black troops near the town. Nevertheless, 167 blacks were stripped of their ranks and cashiered without a trial.

Playwright Charles Fuller has paid his debt to Weaver handsomely by fleshing out the narrative with vivid character portraits and pungent humor. The strongest portrayal, by Douglas Turner Ward, is that of Sergeant Major Mingo Saunders. A 25-year veteran, Saunders has a passion for the regular army in the same way that a priest or an artist is called to his vocation. Ward sensitively conveys the intimate, though difficult burden of an NCO, who must understand the hurts and fears of his men, yet maintain a spit-and-polish discipline to steel each soldier for the fierce ordeal of combat. To see Saunders and his men cruelly debased after years of loyal service to their country is what gives this play an added poignance.

T.E. Kalem



RICHARD JAFFRAY



**When they say "You really shouldn't have,"
don't believe them.**



Hold your breath for 60 seconds.

Try this little experiment and chances are you'll find the last few seconds unbearable.

That desperate, terrifying sensation is caused by a lack of oxygen and an excess of carbon dioxide.

People with emphysema or other lung diseases know the feeling well. They live with it 24 hours a day.

Oxygen therapy can help many of them. But it can also sentence them to a bleak existence—living in fear, bound to heavy, bulky oxygen tanks.

Union Carbide has developed a portable oxygen system.

We call it the Oxygen Walker.

It's small enough to be carried on a shoulder strap and weighs only 11 pounds full. Yet, incredibly, this handy pack can supply over 1000 liters of oxygen gas—enough for 8 hours or more, depending on individual flow rates.

Taking the Oxygen Walker with them, patients are free to leave their homes. Free to go walking, shopping, fishing... many have even returned to work.

The Oxygen Walker is only one of the things we're doing with oxygen. We supply more of it than anyone else in the country. For steelmaking, hospitals, wastewater treatment and the chemical industry.

But, in a way, the Walker is the most important use of our oxygen. Because to the people who use it, it is the breath of life.



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Bound for Boredom

BOUND FOR GLORY

Directed by HAL ASHBY

Screenplay by ROBERT GETCHELL

This land may belong to you and me, but it does not look as if it's going to belong to *Bound for Glory*, the soporific biopic about Woody Guthrie, the folk singer who wrote that familiar and stirring line:

Guthrie was an itchy-footed sign painter from Oklahoma who, like a lot of his neighbors, hit the road when the Dust Bowl and the Depression coincided to ravage his native ground. There were plenty of rough spots in his path, but he used these abrasions to polish his lyrical gifts. Along the way he acquired class consciousness, and his political ballads are now magically evocative of the pain and the political passions of working-class life in the 1930s. There is opportunity in this material not only to tell a curious and moving life story, but also to re-create the look and feel of migratory life in a time when it was a grim necessity rather than a camper-cushioned luxury.

But the movie blows its chance. Al-

DAVID CARRADINE AS WOODY GUTHRIE



though Cinematographer Haskell Wexler has executed in a masterly way the visual style chosen by Director Ashby, it is at odds with the story. Diffusion filters give a falsely nostalgic, pastoral glow to landscapes forever fixed in the hard-edged photos made of the '30s by the likes of Walker Evans. Soft photography makes the movie seem sentimental even on those few occasions when it is trying not to be.

A similar softening occurs in the characterization of Guthrie himself. David Carradine is an attractive performer, but his Guthrie is all guileless sweetness. At a guess one would say that a man who decided to roam alone, rather casually leaving wife and children behind him, and whose subsequent work tended to celebrate people in the abstract rather than the particular, is a man incapable of love as the term is usually defined. Noble as resistance to the customary may be, it generally makes for an infinitely more troubled, angry and difficult character than this movie portrays.

To be sure, Writer Getchell implies that Guthrie was something of a womanizer. He also shows Guthrie as hard on the friends who help him establish his career. But Guthrie's behavior is seen as a collection of lovable foibles, not something roiled by mysterious storms. To put the matter simply, the sweet schnook of this film could not possibly have written Woody Guthrie's powerful songs.

Richard Schickel

Hecksapoppin'

SHOUT AT THE DEVIL

Directed by PETER HUNT

Screenplay by STANLEY PRICE

ALASTAIR REID and WILBUR SMITH

Just after *Shout at the Devil* has got started and takes a second to catch its breath, the audience has already been treated to an elephant hunt in search of ivory, a bushwhacking, a crocodile attack, a ship ramming, several pratfalls and—this being colonial Africa and all

—several glimpses of bare-breasted native women. Lee Marvin playing a bibulous adventurer named Flynn, and Roger Moore appearing as Sebastian Oldsmith, an entirely too credulous old Eton boy fallen on hard times, alternately flail away at and consort with each other in a variety of cockeyed attempts to earn a dishonest dollar.

Oldsmith falls hard for Flynn's daughter Rosa (Barbara Parkins), who nurses him through a bout of malaria. Rosa tells her father she is pregnant at about the same time that Oldsmith makes a formal request for her hand in marriage. "What?" sputters the indignant father. "You ask for her hand when you've had everything else?" Of course there is a terrible fight, followed in

CINEMA



MOORE & PARKINS IN DEVIL
Dishonest dollars.

rough sequence, by a wedding, the birth of a daughter and the start of the first World War, which finds Flynn and his new family involved in fresh adventures, none more credible than any that have gone before.

Shoot at the Devil is certainly silly, and looks something of a shambles besides, but it is a jolly enough enterprise, bumptiously entertaining in its own feckless way. Marvin overacts outrageously, sometimes lapsing into a full-fledged imitation of W.C. Fields gone native. Parkins is pretty, and Moore defl and quite amusing as a sort of good-hearted dolt. Director Peter Hunt (*Gold*) got his start as film editor on the early James Bond adventures and knows how to work on the funny bone even as he stages a punchy scene. The movie hardly wants for plot or action, but could have done with a little more sense. This, however, might have slowed it down or even tripped it up completely. *Shoot at the Devil* is best just speeding along on its own goofy way.

Jay Cocks

Battle Diary

THE NEXT MAN

Directed by RICHARD C. SARAFIAN
Screenplay by MORT FINE, ALAN TRUSTMAN,
DAVID M. WOLF and RICHARD C. SARAFIAN

It is hard to fathom how a movie like The Next Man gets made. Watching Sean Connery and Cornelia Sharpe bounce from one inanity to another, one can only guess at the origins of such a project. Consider, for example, some possible entries in a film executive's diary.

Sept. 17, 1975. We're here in New York doing preproduction. The script is in great shape. Now we've got not only

From Saronno... the Potion of Love.

Amaretto di Saronno. To give.
To share. Italy's rare liqueur of love in
this elegant velour gift box.

Historians tell us that in 1525 a young widow created the original Amaretto di Saronno and gave it as a gift of love to Bernardino Luini, the artist who immortalized her in a famous fresco in Saronno, Italy.

Her name is lost to history, but what remains is the original Amaretto di Saronno with the magic of its intriguing taste and provocative bouquet.

We've even left a rose alongside our name as a reminder of how it all began over 450 years ago.

There is only one Amaretto di Saronno. Try it tonight. Neat, on-the-rocks, or with coffee after dinner.

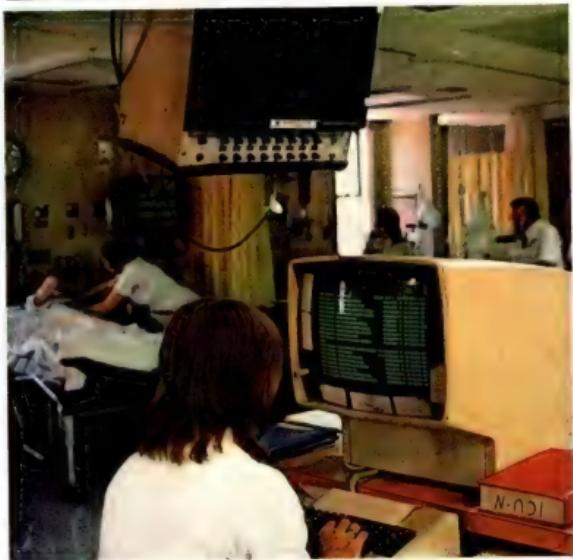
Write for our free drink and food recipe booklets. Foreign Vintages, Inc., 98 Cutter Mill Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021. Dept. 25F.

Amaretto di Saronno.
Originale. From the Village of Love.

56 Proof. Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc., Great Neck, N.Y. © 1976.

IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems



Computer terminal in intensive care unit keeps Harris Hospital staff in instantaneous touch with patients' medical records 24 hours a day.

Greater efficiency benefits patients and staff

Each year since the 1960's hospitals in the United States have had to accommodate about one million additional patients. As a result, hospitals across the country have searched for new ways to be more efficient in order to provide the best possible patient care.

Harris Hospital, a 628-bed institution in Fort Worth, Texas, has successfully met this need, using a computer-based system.

Key to the system is an IBM computer and more than 100 terminals located at the admitting desk, all nursing stations and in key departments throughout the hospital.

Staff members can now enter or retrieve all pertinent medical information on every patient from any authorized location in the hospital.

Not only can lab tests and prescription orders be transmitted, but specific

test procedures can also be outlined, freeing doctors, nurses and technicians from time-consuming paper work.

This streamlining of administrative procedures directly benefits the patient, according to hospital officials.

"We believe," says Herbert A. Witt, director of data processing, "that the quality of patient care depends to a great extent on just how quickly and accurately information is made available. By locating terminals near staff members who have direct responsibility for the patients, any change in a patient's condition can be immediately noted and action taken."

In addition to providing the information needed to perform administrative chores, the computer system is employed for a growing number of other functions which helps to continually increase Harris Hospital's overall efficiency.

Keeping up with Wall Street from the Rockies

"The key to success in my business is having the most comprehensive information possible at any given time," says Dale Blackwell, an investment advisor located in Boulder, Colorado.

While this can be said of any business, it is particularly true for Mr. Blackwell, who must not only try to keep abreast of Wall Street market fluctuations, but must also compete with money managers from all over the country.

With the help of his small IBM computer, Mr. Blackwell analyzes each of his accounts regularly.

Based on this analysis, he determines current values and develops monthly and quarterly statements reflecting his clients' profits and losses.

If he sees a change in a particular stock, he can immediately find out which of his clients hold it and decide how to advise them.

"Previously, I could never send out such complete analyses. With the computer right in my office," says Mr. Blackwell, "I have instant access to all the information I need."



Investment advisor Dale Blackwell at work in his Boulder, Colorado, office.

Teaching executives creative decision making

Several young executives, having studied the market, launched, distributed and promoted a new waffle iron. It failed and cost their "company" millions.

Fortunately, both the product and the company were fictitious. The executives were participating in a new program, run by Georgia State University in Atlanta, which uses simulated business environments to help sharpen the decision-making skills of management and operating personnel.

Teams of five, presented with statistics of fictional companies, are made responsible for creating and executing market-



ing strategies and then, using IBM computers programmed for the environments, are able to learn the consequences of their decisions and the reasons for them.

"These simulations," says Professor Dennis Grawoig, chairman of the department of quantitative methods, "allow businessmen to try bolder, more creative solutions to problems which serve as real learning experiences when they go back to their work."



Even a 10 percent reduction of power needed to heat or cool this vast McDonnell Douglas St. Louis plant can mean savings of thousands of dollars.

Aircraft plant cuts energy consumption

During the past year, energy costs have risen in many parts of the country. At the same time, the McDonnell Douglas Corporations St. Louis aircraft plant has realized considerable savings in money and has cut its power consumption by an average of 40 percent on weekdays and Saturdays and well over 50 percent on

Sundays in areas included in an energy conservation test.

The savings and reduced power usage were accomplished without making workers uncomfortable or slowing down production schedules.

This power management project, begun last February, is based on an IBM computer that regulates fans, compressors, air conditioners and thermostats in portions of three St. Louis buildings.

By determining the optimal time to shut off each piece of equipment, the computer has helped cut energy consumption about in half in the test areas. The system coordinates power usage so that the least amount of equipment will be on at any one time.

"We've already saved about \$10,000 a month," says Art Pekkala, energy conservation manager, "enough for the system to pay for itself by the end of the first year."

McDonnell Douglas plans to expand the project to include six million square feet of plant, office and lab space. In the future, lighting and steam valves will also be controlled by the system. According to Mr. Pekkala, "When this is accomplished, the savings should run to almost \$1 million."

Speedier service at savings and loan branches



It all happens very quickly. The customer hands the teller a magnetically-encoded card which is inserted into a computer terminal. The depositor's current balance, interest and recent activity history shows on the screen. The teller keys in the amount of the deposit, the updated balance appears and the transaction is complete. This unusual pace is typical of each of the 35 neighborhood branches of Fidelity Savings and Loan in San Francisco, where a new IBM computer system has all but made waiting in line a thing of the past. Each local transaction is automatically entered in the master files of the central computer at the association's headquarters.

The results, so far, are surer identification, more accurate reporting and smiles on both sides of the counter.

IBM

Of all menthol 100's: **Iceberg 100's are lowest in tar!**

Actually 70% lower
tar than the two
best-selling
menthol Kings!



ICEBERG 100's
Brand K "tar" 4 mg, nicotine 0.4 mg
Brand S "tar" 17 mg, nicotine 1.3 mg
"At all brands, lowest:
*Av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health

4 mg "tar", 0.4 mg nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

CINEMA

spies and terrorists and plain old cops but also oil millionaires. Saudi Arabian ambassadors and the whole U.N. General Assembly. I smoothed out the plot with Alan Trustman, who once wrote *Bullitt*. Cornelia will be swell in the picture.

Oct. 4. Sean Connery arrived last night. Even though he starred in six James Bond movies, Connery says he can't make any sense out of our script. Alan's working on his suggestions. Cornelia's going to be a knockout.

Oct. 12. Who says spy movies are supposed to make sense anyway? I've got David M. Wolf to add a few twists to Alan's material. Sean says he never played a Saudi Arabian ambassador before and he's worried about how he'll look in a burro. Being Scotch, maybe he'd prefer a kilt? (Joke!) Cornelia would look terrific in one too.

Oct. 18. Beautiful autumn in New York! Mort Fine is doing a great job on Dave Wolf's rewrite. Shooting starts soon. Director arrives tomorrow. Cornelia is looking forward to meeting him.

Oct. 20. Dick Sarafian got in yesterday. He said he didn't understand the script either, which is too bad since he is the director. Cornelia's costumes are beautiful.

Oct. 24. Dick Sarafian is rewriting the script. This movie is going to be great after New York, we've got locations in London, Ireland. Nice. The Bahamas, the Middle East and Teterboro, N.J.

Feb. 2. The Bahamas were great everybody got some sun! Now we're in Saudi Arabia, and Sarafian says he does not understand his own rewrite. He shows up in a small part though, so no one can say this picture didn't have a director. Cornelia is a lot happier here. Nobody understands English.

March 27. In Nice, and finishing up. We got great shots of the carnival. These will look swell with the scenes of the London busker and the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. Good entertainment value, good change of pace. Sean finished up before we got here, which is O.K. He kept asking questions about the script nobody could answer. He wanted to know why everybody was going to Nice. I said for the sun! (Joke!) He said Cornelia got to go to all the nice places.

May 4. Back in New York, and cutting. The film editor says he doesn't understand the script. I told him to do his best.

Aug. 20. Editor says the movie is too long. He says we could save 20 minutes by cutting out most of Cornelia's nude scenes. He also says we should dub her voice. Cornelia would never go for that.

Nov. 22. What is it with all these reviews? Nobody understands this movie. I think it's simple. I can explain it to anyone. But I'm really pretty busy looking for a part more suitable to Cornelia's talents. I'm thinking maybe comedy.

J.C.

Of all filter 100's: **Lucky 100's are lowest in tar!**

Actually 70% lower
tar than the two
best-selling
filter Kings!



*LUCKY 100's
Brand M "tar" 4 mg, nicotine 0.4 mg
Brand W "tar" 17 mg, nicotine 1.0 mg
"At all brands, lowest:
*Av. per cigarette by FTC method.

"tar" 17 mg, nicotine 1.0 mg
"tar" 18 mg, nicotine 1.2 mg
"tar" 1 mg, nicotine 0.1 mg
*Av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health

4 mg "tar", 0.4 mg nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

'We're Getting Screwed'

School budget time is often a day of wrath for citizens angered by rising costs, entrenched bureaucracy and the ambiguities of contemporary education. In Oregon alone, three districts have closed down their schools this fall because the voters rejected the budget, and several others are on the brink of closing. The longest of these shutdowns started last Oct. 15 in Eagle Point (pop. 2,600). Five times since last April the district's school board has proposed budgets of nearly \$5 million; five times the voters have rebuffed them. TIME Correspondent William Marmon visited the town and reported:

This was to be a banner year at Eagle Point High School, especially for the 180 seniors. After three years of double-shift classes in an antiquated building, they moved this fall into a handsome new school built at a cost of \$5.7 million. The football, track and wrestling teams all had hopes for statewide ranking, and in the homecoming game the Eagle Point eleven beat its old rival, Phoenix High, 20-14. The seniors danced past midnight at the Holiday Inn. That same day, the school closed.

The revolt had been brewing for two years among the older, mostly conservative residents of this farming and lumber town. Worried about the recession, dissident parents began protesting at school board meetings—about the expensive new high school, about the curriculum, even about the presence in the library of *The Catcher in the Rye*. Explained Janice Seiter, a member of the Eagle Point city council, who has three children in the school system: "We don't like sex education in health class. We don't like gambling training in math class. The only way to deal with the situation was to tie up the purse strings and choke these bad things out."

Socking it Back. One of the most vocal chokers has been Paul Clement, 45, a retired truck driver who lives on a dilapidated farm in a double-size trailer with his wife and three children, including a son now in the eleventh grade. Clement organized BEIT (Better Education for Less Taxes) to fight back. "They won't take no for an answer. When we vote down the budget, they sock it back to us with the same figures."

Clement, who likes to swig iced tea from a Mason jar, attacked the offering of 123 different courses at Eagle Point High. He cited such "frills" as horticulture and jewelry making. Said he: "My boy can't read too good, not much better than me. They let him do what he wants and don't make him learn what he should. I hate to close the school, but we got to make them listen."

In resubmitting the budget last

month, the school board calmly added \$80,000 in increased unemployment benefits for the schools' staff. That prompted more votes than the presidential election, and the antibudget forces won again, 2,492 to 2,246. In addition, the voters turned out Physician William Davis as school board chairman. Superintendent Robert Work finally came up with a surprise: he mysteriously discovered that a \$200,000 bill due the state for unemployment insurance did not have to be paid until next Aug. 31, thus providing enough ready cash to reopen the schools until yet another budget vote can be held on Jan. 11.

So a truce was called. The Eagle Point schools finally reopened last week, and in the high school cafeteria a hopeful banner said: MACARONI AND CHEESE, WE WANT TO GRADUATE PLEASE. But after almost two months only about half the senior class returned to classes and only about two-thirds of the younger students. Some had transferred to nearby districts (average tuition: \$160 per month) and could not transfer back. Others had taken jobs or simply dropped out. In addition, 15 teachers had resigned and gone job hunting.

The wrestling team, which was third in the state last year, has lost seven out of 13 prospective regulars. The basketball team's losses are the same: "We're missing nine of 16 players," says Coach Dennis Gerke, who is job hunting too. "The first half of the season has been canceled, and the second half

EMPTY DESKS IN ENGLISH CLASS AS EAGLE POINT HIGH SCHOOL REOPENS



is going to be rugged—if there is one."

"A lot of kids are mad at the world," says Senior Class President Jim Kleker, whose family decided to move to Wyoming. "We're getting screwed and there's nothing we can do about it. Sometimes it makes you feel a little crazy." Adds Senior Candy Baldridge: "We just wonder why the people of this community made us sit home and rot. I feel like I've been gyped."

Even this reopening is only temporary, but the school authorities have cut deep into the curriculum to reduce the budget by \$360,000 for next month's vote. The school board cut graduation requirements from 24 credits to the state minimum of 21, eliminating a year of math, a year of fine arts and one other elective. Athletics will be curtailed.

Goosey Prospect. Even now, nobody can predict that the budget will pass. Says High School Principal Jim Sutherland: "I'm goosey about January 11. Some school supporters who are upset by the new cuts are going to vote no, while a lot of the original no-voters are so no that they wouldn't vote yes for anything. They say it's the taxes, but I don't buy that. They want control over the schools, over what's taught, who's hired or fired. Some parents seem threatened by their kids getting a better education than they had."

Oregon's Democratic Governor Robert Straub sees no reason for the state to intervene. Says he: "Local control means local responsibility. There must be something occurring in the schools in Eagle Point that the people want changed."

A Cold War for Press Freedom

The weather in New Delhi was seasonably mild last week, with temperatures mostly in the 70s. If Prime Minister Indira Gandhi had had her way, however, it would have been a lot hotter in the pressroom of the *Indian Express* (circ. 400,000), the flagship of India's largest newspaper chain. Reason: government officials tried a few weeks ago to rip out the paper's air-conditioning system and auction it off to satisfy a disputed tax bill. Only a last-minute court injunction saved *Express* workers from a daily steam bath.

With such mundane weapons as air conditioners is the cold war for press freedom being fought in India. Nearly a year and a half after Gandhi suspended civil liberties and imposed rigid press controls, most of the nation's 1,300 domestic dailies seem to have given up the battle. Their pages are now filled with fawning accounts of national events, flattering pictures of Gandhi and her ambitious son Sanjay—and, not coincidentally, lucrative government advertising. But two tough, prominent publishers of English-language dailies—Rammath Goenka of the 44-year-old *Express* and C.R. Irani of the 100-year-old *Statesman*—are fighting on with a stubbornness befitting Gandhi's father, Jawaharlal Nehru.

Foiled Again. Unlike antigovernment publishers in some other countries, Goenka, 73, and Irani, 46, cannot employ their most strategic weapons, their newspapers. The *Express* and the *States-*

man (circ. 198,000) are far less servile than most Indian dailies, but Gandhi's press restrictions forbid the printing of anything openly critical of her regime. As a result, Goenka and Irani have turned to India's still largely independent judiciary for help. So far, they have at least thwarted the government's apparent objective to gain control of the papers or put them out of business.

A longtime political foe of Gandhi's, Goenka is a wily industrialist who owns 17 other Indian dailies besides the *Express*; they have a combined circulation of about 1 million. Since he opposed Gandhi's adoption of sweeping emergency powers in 1975, her government has seized his jute mill in Calcutta, deprived the *Express* group of government advertising and ordered India's nationalized banks to deny him credit.

The *Statesman* has long been one of India's most respected dailies. It exposed British government cover-ups of the 1942 Bengal famine and was the first to report the border skirmishes that led to the 1962 war with China. With pugnacious Irani as its managing director, the *Statesman* also criticized Gandhi's emergency measures. In return, the government has confiscated Irani's passport, forced the paper to miss several editions through censorship delays and tried to impound one of the *Statesman*'s presses.

Using the courts, Goenka has sued successfully to have his electricity restored after a mysterious two-day black-

out, and Irani has obtained a court injunction against a government attempt to pack his board with Gandhi nominees. Outside the courts, both publishers have had to talk suppliers into risking government retaliation by continuing to do business with them. In addition, Irani has had to persuade stockholders to resist selling out to Gandhi supporters. Irani himself has bought up thousands of *Statesman* shares and distributed them to loyal staff members.

Weakened Ally. Goenka and Irani are pursuing their struggles independently of each other, unwilling to risk charges of conspiracy. They do share a determination to hang on as long as they can. Yet the Prime Minister last month pushed a constitutional amendment through Parliament that will, when it takes effect this week, weaken the publishers' major ally, the judiciary.

Meanwhile, each paper is publishing only eight pages a day (down from a typical 14), and both are losing money. Irani believes his paper can continue publishing for another year or so. Says he: "The *Statesman* has not been around for a hundred years to sell out now to a Delhi Mafia." Goenka, however, is trying to sell off some of his other business properties to keep the *Express* group alive, and the papers could fold at any time. "We are carrying on, how long we don't know," says a Goenka associate. "They can't take us over unless they pass a law. They can make a man a woman, they can do anything. But the day they pass a law to take over the newspapers, any cloak of democracy will disappear."

THE HOLDOUTS: INDIAN EXPRESS PUBLISHER RAMMATH GOENKA & STATESMAN MANAGING DIRECTOR C.R. IRANI



Network News: Minstrels and Anchormen

Networks argue that if their evening news shows were given more time, they would become more than animated headline services and could provide more depth and nuance. The argument has not been put to the test because the networks have been unable to persuade local affiliates to extend network news to 45 minutes or an hour. But what they do with the time already available does not favor their case: Their newscasts regularly sag, at about the two-thirds mark, into some forgettable feature. Why the evening's main story does not instead get that extra moment of rounding out has a lot to do with the networks' obsession with pace, variety and the eye appeal of film.

If given added time, it is doubtful that the networks would adopt the one real innovation in television news, a half-hour each night confined to exploring one timely topic. This is the special achievement of public television's weeknightly *MacNeil-Lehrer Report*, now seen in some 200 cities. Robert MacNeil and Jim Lehrer are good questioners and have shown a flair for quickly rounding up two or three people qualified to speak on a subject in the headlines. Often their guests do not have big names or even prepossessing camera personalities—they are the kind of people you find on panels at seminars—but the broadcasts often inform because the hosts have the courage to be serious.

Even when they try, networks find it hard to alter their half-hour formula. This probably explains why Barbara Walters at ABC has justified neither the fears nor the hopes for her million-dollar presence. Remember the outburst from CBS News President Richard Salant when Walters was signed? "This isn't journalism—this is a minstrel show! Is Barbara a journalist, or is she Cher?" It is an interviewer and not as minstrel that ABC has tried to use her. The interview format, it turns out, does not particularly enhance a headline service. There sit Barbara and Harry Reasoner, with backs half-turned to the camera, looking at their interview subject on what seems to be another television screen on the wall; the effect on the viewer is something like Aldous Huxley's definition of infinity: A Quaker Oats box with a picture on it of a Quaker holding a Quaker Oats box on which is a picture of, etc. A reporter bundled up against the cold reports on Congress against a backdrop of the U.S. Capitol, then is cross-questioned by Reasoner and Walters, as if he had not had the wit to include important points. You can tell he would have preferred doing his own wrap-up.

Each night the commercial net-

works give you exactly what you would get on your car radio, except for the pictures and the visual presence of the anchorman. Much, therefore, turns on these two factors: CBS, which consistently leads in the ratings, has also long led in the excellence of its news-gathering staff. This strength began with Edward R. Murrow (Charles Collingwood and Eric Sevareid remain from that era), continued with a middle generation of Roger Mudd and Dan Rather, and has now resulted in a set of people as good as Bob Schieffer, Ed Bradley, Richard Threlkeld and Lesley Stahl. CBS constantly comes up with better film and clear, informed reporting. ABC has yet to make a commitment to a first-rate reporting staff, without that, Walters and Reasoner are not competitive enough.

It is the closer NBC-CBS rivalry that fascinates: NBC's lack of strength on the bench blurs what might otherwise be a simple personality preference by viewers for either Cronkite or Chancellor. Brinkley. Walter Cronkite is everybody's uncle, "the most trusted man in America," and with a contract that guarantees him three months off a year, he may go on forever—or until he suffers the fate of Aristides the Just, of whose justness Athenians finally wearied. When the younger John Chancellor became Cronkite's rival five years ago, he spoke of an anchorman's need to show himself trustworthy. He therefore gave up some of his natural ebullience, membership in his sign-off as he was being expelled from a Democratic Convention. "This is John Chancellor, somewhere in custody?" He adopted a slow, didactic reading style. NBC, in fact, often seems to be tailoring its nightly news to what the advertisers apparently assume the audience to be—the geriatric, laxative, denture crowd. Bringing back David Brinkley, as wary of manner as ever but now less acerb, has improved the show but not its share of the audience. Cronkite, the dogged loner, will not share his spotlight, but then, as Salant says, why should it take two people to read the news during the six or seven minutes out of 22 that the anchorman is actually on the air?

NBC trails CBS in the nightly news ratings by a margin that is small, but frustratingly persistent. Why is it, then, that NBC steadily led CBS on election night? The simplest explanation may be that on such a lengthy program, viewers tire of a single anchorman. But another possibility is more intriguing: NBC's handsomer election-night set, dominated by Executive Producer Gordon Manning's electronic map of the U.S., emphasized a subtle difference in star systems. Chancellor and Brinkley



NBC'S JOHN CHANCELLOR

shared a V-shaped table with Cassie Mackin and Tom Brokaw, so that all four could casually exchange comment. CBS's more celebrated team of Rather, Mudd and Mike Wallace, among others, seemed to be sitting at school desks trying to attract Cronkite's attention. Even when Cronkite browsed with CBS's brooding "heavy thinkers," Sevareid and Bill Moyers, he appeared to be grading their papers as they recited. Over on NBC, with Chancellor sharing the stage with Brinkley & Co., the spontaneity of his lively intelligence and wit showed to better advantage than it does on his buttoned-up nightly newscasts.

Such psychological shadings may be too fragile to draw conclusions from, it may simply be CBS's in-depth news-gathering superiority that gives it the lead. Of course, ratings are not necessarily "right," but they are often decisive, with dollars and prestige at stake. Television viewers, who jump channels easily to catch a favorite sitcom, do not lightly change their news-viewing habits. NBC's problem is that with the election year over, it is the nightly news and not the specials that matter.

CBS'S WALTER CRONKITE





HARRY CALLAHAN ENTITLED THIS SERENE COMPOSITION CHICAGO, ca. 1950



ELEANOR, CHICAGO, 1949

A new Mona Lisa?

good but really just another Spanish city with Indians?" No matter. Since 1938, when he bought his first camera—he was then an accounting clerk with the Chrysler Corp. in Detroit—Callahan's entire work has been directed with obsessive, addicted purity to one chief question: What is the exact nature of a still photograph, and what marks it off from any other kind of visual image?

Reeds in Snow. In the Depression years that problem was not often raised. What counted more was photographic role in the class struggle. No photographer who, like Callahan, spent time clicking away at reeds in snow, telephone wires against a blank sky, could be credited with much social commitment. Callahan's desire to rescue one formally perfect image from a thousand failed slices of life seems priestly now, but it must have looked lipstic then. "His aim," writes MOMA director of the department of photography, John Szarkowski, "has been to bend photography to his purposes, rather than immerse himself in it with make himself its instrument and servant." The point is symbolized by his early photograph in the catalogue Callahan at work, pointing a bellows camera at the reedy edge of Lake Erie 36 years ago. His head is hidden under the cloth; he looks like a camouflaged wading bird, patiently dabbled for nourishment. The man and the crane are one hybrid.

The clarity of registration in Callahan's pictures flows naturally from the camera's function as a precision instrument. Usually there is a sense of instantaneous arrest, as if the shutter really stopped time, giving the images a singular density. Callahan's visual world is not very busy. We are invited to scrutinize a nude body reduced to a exquisite line formed by the cleft of the buttocks and the thighs, against a background; and we do so with gratitude. Ingres had been a photographer; he might have arrived at images like Callahan's, subtle, disciplined, but also all as unrhettorical as classical art should be.

Robert Hug

Exactly What Is a Photograph?

One of the most eye-haunting images in the big retrospective of 195 photographs by Harry Callahan is called simply *Eleanor, Chicago, 1949*. It is the broad, pale face of a big-jawed woman—in fact, Callahan's wife, Eleanor Knapp—rising from Lake Michigan. Her eyes are closed. Her dark hair, parted in the middle, falls in thick ropes that swash in the water. Because the body is hidden by the murky wavelets, the head has a dreamlike, apparitional quality, a

PROVIDENCE, 1953

look reinforced by the waving tendrils of hair. Yet nothing about the photograph invites one to read it as a narrative of emotion. The camera's rendering is exceedingly spare, fastidious in its detachment. Its formal rigor—down to the last rhyme between the wet locks and their paler shadow on the water's wrinkled skin—is intimidating. This Midwestern nadir, one realizes, is Callahan's *Mona Lisa*.

At 64, Harry Callahan undoubtedly ranks as one of the world's great living photographers. His work has never reached a mass audience, however, for he has done no photojournalism and he has had no spectacular subjects: no sublime vistas of landscape (unlike his early mentor, Ansel Adams), no wars, no beautiful women. To earn money, he taught photography classes—since 1961 he has presided, diffidently and sometimes with an acute resentment about wasted time, over the department of photography at the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence. His public utterances are few, and his letters, if one can judge from the excerpts quoted in MOMA's elegant catalogue, are among the dullest ever written by a major artist. ("Our Peru trip wasn't too great. Curro was



What every amateur should know:

Why professional photographers are switching to the new Olympus cameras.



A new 35mm SLR that's one-third lighter and smaller.

Professional photographers have been complaining for years that 35mm SLR cameras had become too big, too heavy and too noisy. But there was nothing they could do about it. Until the introduction of the incredible Olympus OM-1 camera. It was one-third smaller and lighter than existing cameras, and much quieter. A few professionals tried it - to see if it was rugged enough and versatile enough. It was. And very quickly both professionals and amateurs made the Olympus OM-1 a world-wide success.

Introducing the new OM-2.

Now history repeats itself. Olympus introduces the OM-2, an automatic 35mm SLR system camera. The photographer sets the aperture and the camera makes the exposure - automatically. But again - an incredibly small, light and quiet camera.

Unique Metering.

An automatic camera is as good as

its metering system. And only Olympus has developed the "ideal" metering. The light is measured as it is actually reflected from the film. And if the light changes, the exposure changes instantly and automatically. Other cameras are blind during the time the picture is taken. And the OM-2 can take pictures automatically other cameras can't because it works from a fast 1/1000th of a second to long, long exposures up to about 60 seconds.

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Married. Prince Bertil of Sweden, 64, and his close friend of 33 years, Lilian Craig, 61, a British commoner, for the first time, she for the second, in Drottningholm Palace, just outside Stockholm.

Died. João ("Jango") Goulart, 58, Brazil's last civilian President (1961-64), of a heart attack, in the Argentine province of Corrientes, where he lived in exile. A prosperous cattle rancher and lawyer, Goulart first gained prominence as Brazil's Labor Minister, a post he lost in 1954 after unsuccessfully promoting a 100% increase in the minimum wage. His presidential term was marked by controversy and disorder as he tried to lead his country on a leftist course amid economic crisis. The conservative armed forces, actively supported by business leaders, ousted Jango in 1964.

Died. Peter Lisagor, 61, Washington bureau chief of the Chicago *Daily News* and the best all-round newspaper correspondent in the nation's capital, of cancer, in Arlington, Va. Born poor in West Virginia, Lisagor played semipro baseball to pay his way through the University of Michigan. He joined the *Daily News* in 1939 and was assigned to Washington eleven years later. His stories, columns, speeches and TV appearances on NBC's *Meet the Press*, Public Broadcasting's *Washington Week in Review* and other programs were marked by incisive perception, dry wit and uncommon warmth and humanity. "Washington," he told a journalists' club last April, "is a place where the truth is not necessarily the best defense. It surely runs a poor second to the statute of limitations." His job, he observed on another occasion, was "to walk down the middle of the street and shoot windows out on both sides." He seldom missed, but the affection and the accolades that came his way never turned his head. He belonged, he once said, to "the dirty-fingernail set as opposed to the folk heroes of TV. I'm a working stiff, a shoe-leather man."

Died. Walter A. Griffin, 102, believed to have been the oldest practicing physician in the U.S. until his retirement last January, in Sharon, Mass. A graduate of Harvard Medical School, Griffin began his practice in Sharon in 1901, making house calls by horse and buggy (then fee \$1.50). The doctor was a firm believer in the curative powers of fresh air and exercise. During the 1918 influenza epidemic, Griffin advised 400 stricken patients to open their windows, take fever-reducing medicine and get out of bed as quickly as possible. His widow recalls that only one died.

Levi Looks Back At Justice

When University of Chicago President Edward Levi became U.S. Attorney General two years ago, he found the Justice Department battered and demoralized by the storms of Watergate. Now, as he prepares to return to Chicago, he can look back over some significant changes. In an interview with TIME Correspondent Don Sider, he assesses some of those changes.

ON PARTISANSHIP. The Department had been wounded. There was a suspicion both outside and inside that it might

UPI/H. H. HOLLAND



U.S. ATTORNEY GENERAL EDWARD LEVI
"I feel very uneasy . . ."

be expected to be a partisan arm of the Executive Branch. The purpose of my appointment and my taking the job was to show that that was not to be true, that the department could operate in a highly professional, nonpartisan way. Every action I took, so far as I could tell, was toward that point. Parts of the department had been set up so they reacted to calls from the White House, and this made the department vulnerable to manipulation. The department is much more one department now, and the White House speaks with me.

ON REFORMING THE FBI. When we started the guidelines for the FBI, I really did think that it might be about a six-month job. But it is not. They are not finished. But the very fact that some of them are now in place and that they have made a considerable change in the operations of the bureau, I regard as very important. I assume they will be perfected and that there will be legislation. The whole point of the guidelines is that various decisions have to come over at a high level in the department for checking so that the department really does know what is going on. I had heard prior to Attorney General tell me they knew everything that was going on in the bureau. I am quite sure they did not. I am sure I don't either, by the way.

I think part of the bureau was realizing that the days of J. Edgar Hoover were not with us today, and was divided between those who thought that was a good thing and those who thought that was terrible. I think the bureau was very uneasy about its relationship to the Department of Justice and probably had considerable suspicion about its intentions. I think Mr. Kelley understands his problems and has been trying to give the bureau a new kind of leadership that is not the authoritarian leadership that Hoover gave.

ON CIVIL LIBERTIES. An Attorney General has to stand up against other parts of the Government, which will not have the same interest in civil liberties or the law. I feel very uneasy looking at past history and thinking of the pressures that I know exist—and what the future will be like—unless we can get some legislation. There ought to be legislation on electronic surveillance. We have spent an enormous amount of time in the department trying to provide proper safeguards for electronic surveillance, and I think we have. I am not satisfied to say that civil liberty is just a matter of prosecutorial discretion. The problems of granting immunity and of plea bargaining are very serious issues and are, in a sense, defacing the law. We ought to have more articulate rules.

ON REASONING. The law has to encourage a kind of reasoning together. That is going to be hard for some people who don't regard the law as a reasoning device. They say use it as a weapon and go as far as you can. The danger is that you lose the case or get something established that you can't live with or, more likely, something so ambiguous that it leads to all kinds of problems.

*Strict standards—some still classified, banning illegal activities in FBI investigations and giving the Attorney General more control over the bureau.

I came to Washington to try to show a commitment to the administration of justice. That is how the President got me. I would like to be remembered as one who, in a transition period, helped the President in his effort to restore faith in the operations of Government and particularly in the administration of justice. Some days I think, "By God, I have succeeded." Other days I think I certainly didn't.

No Pay for Pregnancy

Six federal courts of appeals had already addressed the question, and all agreed employers who excluded pregnancy from disability insurance programs violated Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and were guilty of sex discrimination. Last week the Supreme Court rejected that conclusion, voting 6 to 3 that companies do not discriminate merely because they decline to compensate employees unable to work because of pregnancy. On behalf of the majority, Justice William Rehnquist pointed out that such plans are "nothing more than an insurance package, which covers some risks, but excludes others." Rehnquist also cited the lower court's finding that pregnancy is not a "disease" and is often voluntarily undertaken.

The controversy arose at a General Electric plant in Salem, Va., where seven women filed suit in 1972, charging that GE's refusal to grant disability benefits for pregnancy discriminated against female workers and thus violated Title VII. The company maintained that its policy had nothing to do with sex discrimination; GE said it just could not afford a disability insurance plan covering pregnancy.

The Supreme Court's ruling was an elaboration of its decision in a 1974 case, rejecting a similar claim that a California state program that excluded pregnancy compensation was a violation of the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment. Civil liberties lawyers believed, however, that regardless of any constitutional issue, the Civil Rights Act's specific ban on sex discrimination in employment practices would cover pregnancy. Not so, the Supreme Court ruled last week.

"We are outraged," protested Nicol Burton of the National Organization for Women. "The Supreme Court has legalized sex discrimination," agreed Susan Ross of the American Civil Liberties Union Foundation. The court's decision does not rule out new legislation on the issue, however, and feminist leaders now plan to lobby for action from Congress. A number of them added another observation—that the Supreme Court could use a good woman on the bench.

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Making Ends Meet

OCTOBER LIGHT

by JOHN GARDNER

434 pages. Knopf. \$10.

More than any of his contemporaries, John Gardner has made being a novelist a hyphenated art. In *The Sunlight Dialogues* he did a brilliant turn as philosopher-novelist, debating issues of law and dissent while nimbly stage-managing a family melodrama in upstate New York. In his re-creations of myth, *Grendel* and *Jason and Medea*, he played the novelist-as-epic-poet, perhaps a little consciously, but once again he revealed his consistent longing for Signifi-

maker whose hero is Ethan Allen, not the Fonz. James hates Snoopy, Coca-Cola, California, astronauts (they are there to "undo him") and, above all, television. One night James takes out his 12-gauge shotgun and blasts away at Sally's picture tube as if it were the devil's eye; when she objects, he chases her upstairs brandishing a length of stovewood.

James locks Sally in her room. Then, when he unlocks the door, she refuses to come out. The battle of frosty New England worlds is on. Despite the pleas of her niece, old friends and even a Mexican priest who happens around, Sally settles down for a long standoff, comforted by two resources: apples in the attic and a torn old paperback.

JOEL GARDNER

The Smugglers of Lost Souls' Rock, as her paperback is titled, becomes Sally's new consolation and Gardner's new form of hyphen: a novel-within-a-novel. Set in boldface type, this parody-saga of marijuana smugglers—the stuff for which lurid covers on airport paperbacks are designed—runs to almost 150 pages and comes dangerously close to upstaging *October Light*. Among comic-strip characters in Sally's paperback are the smuggling boat skipper Captain Fist, who gets violently seasick even in San Francisco Bay; Jonathan Nit, an inventor who schemes to solve the energy shortage by hooking up electric cells; Wong Chop, a Chinatown connection; and, inevitably, a girl named Jane.

Switching back and forth from *The Smugglers of Lost Souls' Rock* to the mother tale of *October Light* is a little like reading Terry Southern with a Robert Frost poem as chaser, or vice versa. But Sally (and the reader) gradually sees the connection. The characters of *The Smugglers* are also locked in demonic contest with their enemies—and themselves. They too know what Gardner seems to regard as the incurable and often suicidal addiction of modern man: a passion for absolute freedom that says, "I will be God or I will die."

By a curious exchange, *The Smugglers* becomes almost a theological dialogue while *October Light* is steeped in melodrama. A trap set for Sally by James nearly kills her peacemaking niece. James almost kills himself in his pickup truck while returning from Merton's Hideaway, full of rage and beer. Retrospective suicides begin falling out of the family tree: James' mad Uncle Ira, James' tormented son Richard.

Gardner has set himself roles wor-

thy of Hercules or a one-man band: hilarious spoof of pulp fiction, composer of Kierkegaardian dialogues good and evil, the mini-history of science, progress and civilization, a pastoral poet. In addition he rounds off his complex work on a note of affirmation that the reader may find more determined than logical, like the note climax to a trumpet solo. For the hyphen that Gardner most ardently longs for is the one that might connect night to day, lost to found, chaos to order—all the enemies, all the opposites.

If he falls short of his ultimate vision, Gardner succeeds at many points along the line. He is funny, highly intelligent and touching. How many novelists are any of the three? He has sources, and he uses all of them in the pursuit of goals most novelists would dare attempt. He has had his novel illustrated by not one but two artists; he could stick an LP by a Vermont dier to the jacket and impregnate the binding with the smell of hay and apples—and maybe marijuana—he would do that too. He wants it all. There are writers today who can do one thing as well as Gardner. But with *October Light*, the question must be asked: Is there another American novelist who can do many things so well as this master compounded art?

Melvin Maddocks

Tongue and Groove

LETTERS OF E.B. WHITE

Edited by DOROTHY LOBRANO GUTH
686 pages. Harper & Row. \$15.

The most succinct definition of English prose remains Jonathan Swift's "proper words in proper places." For years the proper place was the page of *The New Yorker*, where E.B. White's graceful perceptions and polished nities became touchstones of style.

The same civilized tone pervades this epistolary collection—misspellings and interloper memoirs—ranges back to White's suburban hood in Westchester, N.Y., then follows him through careers as student, editor, journalist, humorist, farmer and, finally, treeto the shores of Maine.

Elwyn Brooks White was the son of a carpenter, and there are times when the father's profession marks his wit, tongue-and-groove sentences. Hardly a word is ever out of place, his postures can no more be excerpted than his words. As these letters reveal, White, like many humorists, a secret sufferer. For most of his adult life, the writer lightly chronicles a series of illnesses and operations: "They got at the bone through my right nostril, which I consider very resourceful, and the morgue was just what I had been needing along." In the mid-'40s he suffers

JOHN GARDNER AT HOME IN VERMONT
An old paperback and apples in the attic.

icance, for the Big Theme, for some dimension that extends beyond the modern novel into older, more classical forms.

Marijuana Smugglers. In *October Light*, his best novel to date, Gardner has really got his hyphenated act together. As if to contain his ambitions, he has assigned himself at the start a small, local comedy of apparently modest import. An 80-year-old widow, Sally Abbott, has come home to the family farmhouse to live out her days with her widower brother James in the shadow of Prospect Mountain, near Bennington, Vt.

Sally brings with her one possession, one consolation, one lifeline to the Brave New World she rather wishes she had been born into—her television set. James is a puritan: a beekeeper, a man who splits elm at 20° below zero, a myth



E.B. WHITE: MAINE, 1942
Dry sherry and hand tools.

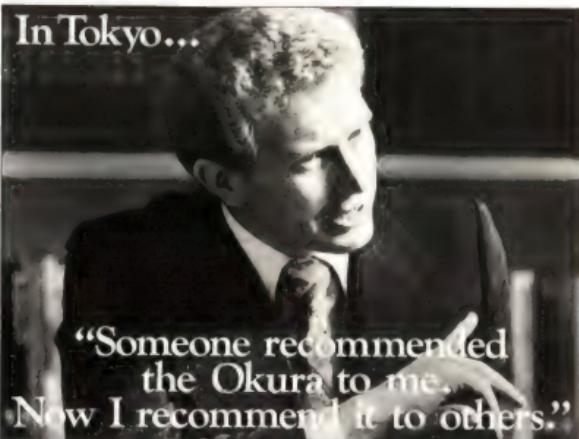
a mental crackup. His prescription for recovery: "Drink dry sherry in small amounts, spend most of your time with hand tools at a bench, and play old records till there is no wax left in the grooves."

Read Santayana! This sly depreciation tries to mask an aggressive and sometimes furious writer. Despite a distaste for self-revelation, White frequently bows over as fascists in the '40s, loyalty oaths in the '50s, school prayer in the '60s and commercialism in the '70s. But the author's unwritten motto is always *Mutuum in parvo* (much in little). He avoids issues like integration and Viet Nam; the sharpest attacks concern mistakes that are less global than verbal. When the *Reader's Digest* changes one of his sentences, for example, he fires off a note to the publisher announcing that, unlike the vanilla bean, White does not wish to be extracted. When a *New Yorker* editor makes White's "fresh" into "affresh," the author fumes: "My characters will henceforth go fishing, and they will read *Afield & Astream*. Some of them, perhaps all of them, will be asexual."

White's collections of essays (*One Man's Meat*, *The Second Tree From the Corner*) have proved him a master of belles-lettres. This collection makes him a master of crank letters as well. Many of them may seem too personal to amuse any but White's immediate family. But the author's journalism and classic children's books (*Charlotte's Web* and *Stuart Little*) have expanded that family by millions. Moreover, readers of the *Letters of E.B. White* may be purchasing a textbook at no extra price. In a brief note to the mother of a young writer, White counsels: "Tell Johnny to read Santayana for a little while; it will improve his sentence structure." Change Santayana to White and the advice will hold for generations.

Stefan Kanfer

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War No More?

THE FACE OF BATTLE

by JOHN KEEGAN

354 pages. Viking. \$10.95.

For the past 14 years Military Historian John Keegan, 42, has been lecturing on battles to young British officer cadets at Sandhurst. Along the way, a thought struck him: "I have not been in a battle; not near one, nor heard one from afar, nor seen the aftermath." Sensibly, he did not try to make up for this gap in his experience by seeking out a battle and joining up. But he also found the massive literature on warfare oddly bloodless.

From the time of Caesar's *Commentaries* onward, military historians have tended to treat armed combat as a means to larger political ends or the chessboard on which generals tested strategy. There are, to be sure, shelves of How-I-Suffered-in-the-War stories. But Keegan wanted something more, a broad, systematic answer to the question that most bothered his Sandhurst students: "What is it like to be in a battle?"

In trying to answer the question Keegan dwells extensively on three famous battles, unified in space by about 100 miles but separated in time by five centuries: Agincourt, Waterloo and the Somme. At Agincourt a tired, hungry English band of about 5,000 archers and 1,000 foot soldiers met a French force of some 25,000 on Oct. 25, 1415. In Shakespeare's *Henry V* the English king naturally dominates the stage. Keegan is more interested in the ragtag soldiers and what sustained them: prayer, a hope of booty from French casualties, ransom for prisoners and plenty of strong drink. Against all odds, the English won. Keegan dwells on the small, sometimes accidental events that determined that outcome. The British archers (the lowest caste of warriors in the late medi-

WOODCUT OF AGINCOURT, 1415



eval hierarchy) planted long pointed stakes in their midst. When the French cavalry attacked, their horses were either impaled or trapped by a spiky forest that seemed to have appeared from nowhere.

In dealing with Waterloo, Keegan argues that the battle was decided less by Wellington and Napoleon than by the enormous confusion that enveloped the 70,000 troops on each side: blinding smoke, choking fumes, ear-shattering noise. Again and again, French cavalry attacked standing squares of British infantry and were driven off because their horses shied from crossing living barriers. But what caused the British soldiers to stand their ground? Keegan notes that they were safer in masses; to break and run was to become an easy target for French horsemen. Also, the leaders were in the thick of the fighting, where they could see their men and be seen in return. Keegan suggests that the officers' chief function was to be wounded with conspicuous—and inspirational—bravery.

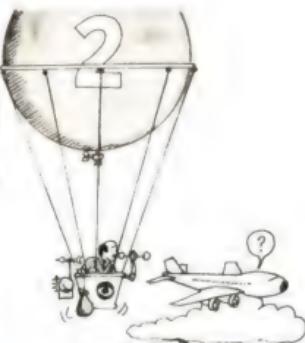
No Illusions. Oceans of ink have been spilled over the third example in *The Face of Battle*, the Anglo-French attack on the German western front at the Somme on July 1, 1916, a day of appalling slaughter and irrationality. Perhaps inevitably, Keegan's approach produces little here that has not already been worked over. The lone soldier meant next to nothing in trench warfare. The generals, at least, had no illusions: great masses of men had been assembled for the simple purpose of being slaughtered. In the process, it was supposed, they would wear away enemy strength. (Some 60,000 men, nearly half of the British force, were killed or wounded the first day.) "Anger," Keegan notes, "is the response which the story of the Somme most commonly evokes among professionals." As best he can, Keegan explains this inexplicable day and its ghastly outcome: the messianic naivete

ATTENDING THE WOUNDED IN WORLD WAR I



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BOOKS

of the raw British soldiers, the communications system that cut British headquarters off from the troops at just the point where no man's land began.

Though Keegan's book has already been published to much acclaim in England, he sometimes writes as if his only readers were fellow military-historians and British war buffs. The American reader is likely to find many passages ripe for skimming (one World War I division, he notes, "contained the 5th and 6th Battalions, South Staffordshire Regiment, 5th and 6th North Staffordshires, 4th and 5th Lincolns, 4th and 5th Leicesters..."). Such local obstacles are nettlesome but also well worth fighting through, for Keegan's larger observations and themes may fuel debate for some years to come.

The men at Agincourt hacked away at each other to the vanishing rhythm of one-on-one combat. The violence they faced, however dreadful, was not different in kind from what they risked in daily life. By contrast, the men at the Somme were ciphers to be erased by heavy artillery and the machine gun. Nothing in civilian life prepared them for the depersonalized horrors of modern war. On that basis Keegan argues that modern warfare is obsolete because men are not capable of enduring it. "The suspicion grows," he concludes, "that battle has already abolished itself." This position is weakened by the fact that he limits his discussion to warfare in Europe and includes little that occurred after World War I. World War II, for instance, was frequently harder on civilians than soldiers. It is, of course, impossible not to wish Keegan's argument well. But it still seems perilously optimistic to suggest that warfare will end without a fight.

Paul Gray

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*Sleeping Murder*, Christie (1 last week)
- 2—*Trinity*, Urs (2)
- 3—*Storm Warning*, Higgins (3)
- 4—*Touch Not the Cat*, Stewart (4)
- 5—*Blue Skies*, No Candy, Greene (5)
- 6—*Raise the Titanic*, Cussler (7)
- 7—*Slapstick*, Vonnegut (6)
- 8—*The Users*, Hobart (8)
- 9—*Ceremony of the Innocent*, Caldwell (10)
- 10—*Dolores*, Sussan (9)

NONFICTION

- 1—*Roots*, Haley (2)
- 2—*Passages*, Sheehy (1)
- 3—*Your Notorious Zones*, Dyer (3)
- 4—*Bird Activism*, Dean (4)
- 5—*The Grass Is Always Greener over the Septic Tank*, Bambach (5)
- 6—*Adolf Hitler*, Toland (6)
- 7—*Blood and Money*, Thompson (7)
- 8—*The Hite Report*, Hite (8)
- 9—*The Right and the Power*, Jaworski (9)
- 10—*To Jerusalem and Back*, Bellow (10)



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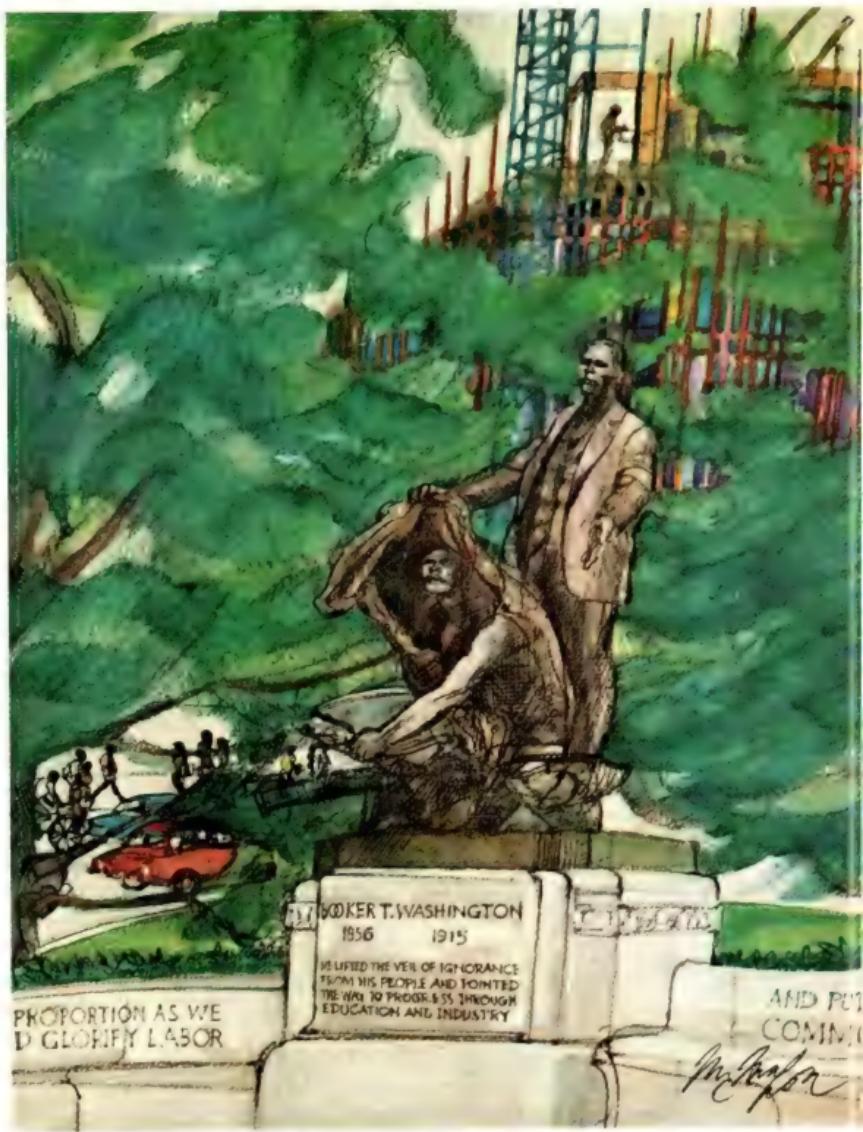
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Wagner, Die Meistersinger: Baritone Norman Bailey, Tenor René Kollo, Soprano Hannelore Bode; Vienna Philharmonic, Vienna State Opera Chorus. Sir Georg Solti conducting (5 LPs, London). Baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Tenor Plácido Domingo, Soprano Catarina Ligendza; Chorus and Orchestra of the German Opera, Berlin. Eugen Jochum conducting (5 LPs, Deutsche Grammophon). Here are two performances—one extraordinary, one merely excellent—of an operatic marvel that over the years has proved difficult to commit to disc. The Solti is the more spacious and relaxed of the two; because of London's typically distant engineering, it also has a more homogenized sound. The Jochum is recorded very close up, too much so at one or two points, but the compensation is the thorough delineation of Wagner's ingenious contrapuntal writing. What gives Solti the edge is the way his sweeping overall view of the work is laced with the tenderness of vocal and instrumental touches. He also has the better Sachs. As fine an artist as is Fischer-Dieskau, he cannot match the residue of obvious stage experience that Britain's Norman Bailey brings to his wise, warm and passionate cobbler.

Schubert, Symphony No. 9 in C; Debussy, Ibéria / La Mer; Berlioz, Queen Mab Scherzo; Respighi, Feste Romane; Mendelssohn, A Midsummer Night's Dream; Strauss, Death and Transfiguration; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 6 (Pathétique): The Philadelphia Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini conducting (5 LPs, RCA). When Toscanini made these recordings in 1941-42 with the orchestra Leopold Stokowski had built, it was astonishing, then as now, to note how readily the musicians yielded their lush sound and fat phrasing to the brilliant, transparent, sharply contoured style that Toscanini favored. The resulting interpretations are still splendid to hear—spacious, virtuosic, imbued with an exceptional inner calm.

How is it then that of these recordings only the Schubert has ever been released before? Originally the entire project was considered a total loss. According to Producer John Pfeiffer, the masters were damaged because some zealot scrubbed the original metal molds with a wire brush. His apparent purpose was to eliminate discoloration in the metal. What he accomplished was the scarring of the record grooves. For this release, the original recordings were converted to tape, then edited (snipping out offensive clicks and pops took hundreds of hours). Though some of the old surface noise is still to be heard, it

is tolerable, and the release must rank as a minor miracle of sound restoration.

Handel, Messiah: Soprano Elly Ameling, Contralto Anna Reynolds, Tenor Philip Langridge, Bass Gwynne Howell; Academy and Chorus of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner conducting (3 LPs, Argo). This is a masterly lesson in the art of making a familiar classic sound fresh and spontaneous. Marriner's authentically baroque phrasings, rhythms and instrumentalations have much to do with that. So does his seemingly effortless ability simply to make music sing.

Concert of the Century: (2 LPs, Columbia). Some may regard the title of this album as a trifling boastful. On the other hand, when you have Vladimir Horowitz partnering Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau eloquently in Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, why not flaunt it? The album is a live recording of the benefit concert in New York's Carnegie Hall last May that raised \$1 million for the 85-year-old hall's endowment fund. Bach, Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, Tchaikovsky and Handel can also be heard, and the other solo participants include Isaac Stern, Mstislav Rostropovich, Leonard Bernstein and Yehudi Menuhin.

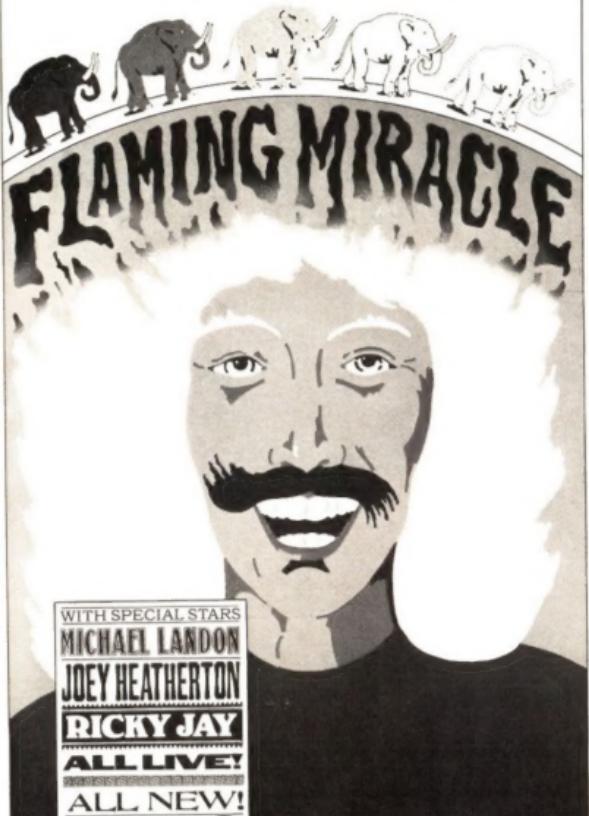
Brahms, Symphony No. 1 in C minor: Berlin Philharmonic, Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting (Deutsche Grammophon). Few of Furtwängler's recordings capture as well as this one the overwhelming mixture of dreaminess and intensity he could often bring to the music of Brahms. Never before released, it was made at a live performance in Berlin in 1952 and should be greeted warmly by devotees of the conductor's work, as well as those who see Brahms as a free spirit.

Music of the Gothic Era: The Early Music Consort of London, David Munrow conducting (3 LPs, Archiv). For the early music buff who has everything, or thinks he does, this is a fascinating look and listen at how medieval music developed in France from plain song into the elaborate contrapuntal motet. The intricate plains of the 14th century's Machaut, no less than the spare *organum duplum* (two-part chant) of the 12th century's Léonin, take listening to get used to but reward the effort. The late David Munrow brings the music to life with both scrupulous scholarship and interpretive imagination.

Haydn, Piano Music, Vol. 2 Sonatas Hob. XVI, Nos. 19, 37 and 44; Variations in F minor: Gilbert Kalish pianist (Nonesuch). Though generally less well known than his symphonies and string quartets, Haydn's works for solo piano include some of his noblest music. The *Variations*, for example, is



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one of the finest products of his later years—tenderly melodic, colorful, dramatically powerful. Kalish's playing is firm, eloquent and exciting.

Beethoven, The Nine Symphonies: London Philharmonic, Bernard Haitink conducting (7 LPs, Philips). Assorted orchestras, Rafael Kubelik conducting (8 LPs, Deutsche Grammophon). Given the expense of recording a set like this, not to mention the existing competition by everybody from Toscanini and Walter to Solti and Karajan, a special gimmick is almost *de rigueur* these days. Kubelik's is that each symphony is recorded with a different orchestra—the *Eroica* with the Berlin Philharmonic, the *Fifth* with the Boston and *Ninth* with his own Bavarian Radio Symphony. Whether these trips on Kubelik's part were really necessary, the performances are astonishingly good, a blend of exuberance and continence. Haitink's gimmick, or anti-gimmick, is an apotheosized kind of objectivity that produces lean, swift, immensely satisfying performances. Aside from a curious rushing of the opening motifs of the *Fifth*, these interpretations are nigh perfect. Though the old Toscanini set remains the best word on the subject, no one will go wrong with either of these sets.

Elgar, Enigma Variations, Op. 36; Schoenberg, Variations, Op. 31: The Chicago Symphony. Sir Georg Solti conducting (London). Solti's reading of the Elgar classic is wonderful to have. But it is the Schoenberg that really distinguishes the album. This twelve-tone orchestral venture is formidable stuff, and not many conductors today can unravel its rhythmic and harmonic complexities. That Solti can turn the trick helps explain why he is as respected by the composing fraternity as he is by the public. How refreshing for once to hear a virtuoso orchestra dig into this music, how welcome the result!

Gershwin Plays Gershwin: (RCA Victor). No part of the current Gershwin vogue—long may it last—is as gratifying as the reissue of these long-out-of-print recordings featuring George himself at the keyboard. Here is the *Rhapsody in Blue* he made with Paul Whiteman shortly after the 1924 première. What vitality and happiness he brought to his piano playing! It can also be heard in his interpretations of his *Three Preludes* and eight songs from *Oh, Kay!* and *Tip-Toes*. As Gershwin himself once put it, "S wonderful."

Luciano Pavarotti, O Holy Night: National Philharmonic, Kurt Herbert Adler conducting (London). As a tree-trimming alternative to *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* or Bing Crosby's *White Christmas*, try this collection of carols and other sacred works by one of the world's great tenors. The album also affords the rare chance to hear Pavarotti's exquisite styling of the haunting solo tenor music from the *Sanctus* of Berlioz's *Requiem*.

William Bender



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